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**Interview with Dr. Timothy Leary:** Whatever happened to...? "Well, for one thing, he's off drugs." I'm not interested in drugs now. It's rather boring to me." (Leary is full of piss) (by virtue of acquainting me on his former friends) and into a whole new (altered) headspace. His newest class is an introductory text of psychedelization. **Bliss 4.**



**The werry (and not so merry) wives of Ottawa:** If a politician's job is not a happy one, a politician's wife's lot is generally even less. As Maryon Pearson used to say, they marry for better or for worse, not just for lunch.  
Page 44.



**Parting on a mother's terms:** one half for him, the other for her. Traditionally when marriages fail, what's his was his and what's hers is what he—or a court—decides to give her. But in Ontario, as of next July, and perhaps the rest of Canada shortly thereafter, what was theirs will be split down the middle.



**The wrong man to kill:** In June Don Bolles an investigative reporter for the *Arizona Republic* was blown up at his car and killed. Who was behind it—the Mob (ignoring Al Capone's warning never to kill businessmen), big business interests in the booming New America, the country club set? In an unprecedented move, a team of investigative journalists has traveled Arizona to find out.

**Page 29.**



**Mr. Carter goes to Washington:** Two years ago he was Jimmy Who. Two months ago it appeared he was about to pick up one of the greatest prizes in U.S. Presidential history. Then, election-day approached. He seemed to be marching defeat from the jaws of victory. Walter Stewarts thinks what went wrong—and what finally went right for the first Southern President since the U.S. Civil War. **Page 55.**



**Deapina has a forte to influence it, history has yet to prove it. One night:** Once more John Delethaler comes out flailing at the "Jerusalem and Justice" (an answer Douglass Fisher describes itself) who over the air has and has been. But, asks Fisher, if Delethaler is great as he portrays himself in *Gee Canada: The Years of Achievement* why did he fail so far so fast?

[illegible]



# Interview

With Dr. Timothy Leary

As a Harvard professor and psychologist, Timothy Leary helped found a religious-spiritual movement for which (as he believes) something of a sacrament in the Sixties his name was synonymous with psychedelia. But during the Nixon years he was branded by the police who finally put him behind bars for possession of drugs. With the help of the Weathermen, a left-radical group, he escaped one night from the jail in San Luis Obispo and, with his wife Rosemary and two children, fled to Algeria. The Black Panthers also there in exile: an them out after four months. Edgardo Guevara (who since he refused to be United States, a born-again Christian) pleading the American way and Leary used too many drugs and wasn't politically serious. Moving across North Africa, Asia and Europe, Leary and his wife were supported by rich friends and surrounded by a bevy of followers and jet-setters. When he was finally redrafted in Afghanistan by U.S. agents and shipped back to jail, his marriage was over and his life was for the last time slowing down. While a girlfriend was out raising money for his defense and was planning an aborted jail break involving a helicopter decorated like a UFO, Leary's fear that he would end his days behind bars began to haunt him. He feared all until he was 71 years old. Before he was released last June, after an abbreviated prison term he discovered with federal law enforcement authorities and killed against several former friends, George Chuah, who had been his lawyer, his name to jail on a drug charge because of that testimony. While he was in San Diego Metropolitan Correctional Center, Leary set forth on his new career. He listened every Sunday to disc jockey Gabriel Williamson program of "rockabilly and soul-centric" repatriation and he became enamored with the idea of using the inmates to gather passengers for the next big trip... this time to outer space.

Now he and Widson share the inmates' secret. Sunday, Widson developed an ambition and a concept called "me" is his message (Julius stands for "space migration, intelligence increase and life extension"). Leary is 56 now. His hair is thinning away, but the body is still there. He is in the Sixties. When he talks, his eyes dart around excitedly. He has a smile that is easy to love and disarm at the same time. He does not take any drugs. He is alert and funny and more than anything else, he is eloquent. He was interviewed by two-lane writers, Richard Low and Gaudy Snyder.

**Maclean:** I read that your death wish is changing to a death wish to live and eventually own a system. Does that mean a change in security?

**Leary:** Yes, the police actually is a serious situation and to survive it, you have to be a little bit of a scientist. C.P. Snow, the English writer, has spoken of the gap between the two cultures: the scientific and the artistic. We think this gap is merging because of an increasing thing that happened in the 1960s. Millions of



**I'M NOT INTERESTED IN DRUGS NOW. DRUGS ARE BIG BUSINESS AND RATHER BORING TO ME**

young people, who later went into the sciences, got their consciences raised in the Sixties. When the statistics came out that 80% of Harvard Law School students were smoking grass, we knew that the legal prohibitions would be over in 10 or 15 years. It just had to be. And when we discovered in the late Sixties that 80% of the top-end Cal Tech students were smoking grass, we realized that in 10 or 15 years we would have a new generation of young scientists who are not just dealing with impersonal formulas, but who were trained to prove their consciousness around and were open to subjectively experiencing what they were studying. The space migration movement is being accelerated by those phenomena who are turned on to social, emotional, psychological and experiential aspects.

**Maclean:** The grass didn't do it, did it? It was a lot of it, is it?

**Leary:** Yes, grass has little to do with it. That statistic was simply an objective index of something happening in their heads, which wasn't caused by grass.

**Maclean:** What about LSD?

**Leary:** There had to be a consciousness revolution at the same time that the first generation of people born after World War II reached college age. It was an inevitable. Yes, everything went together—the new drugs, the new electronic discoveries that made rock'n'roll possible, that made amplification possible. This generation, your generation, the first post-modernist generation, was the first really electronic generation. You were brought up with television when you were one, two, three years old and that had an effect that made you immune to one more mobile, more colorful and more television. Turning and turning folk, tick tick-tick, and you would have the world at your very little baby fingers. This was never possible in the past, because you can't do it. The drugs were part of a lot of things that were happening.

**Maclean:** Where do you see them now?

**Leary:** I am not very much interested in drugs. I never was that interested in drugs. I was interested in women and in the meanings of human thought. How much could be changed. That's what interested me. Drugs were useful experimental tools for us at Harvard in the Sixties, but I have never used them since an acid game. This is a media rush. The media likes to see people as heroes or villains, and you want to see me as a villain, that's fine with me, but I have no real relationship to acid in the overall scope of my work. That the bomb has reference to Einstein. See, Einstein did many things, one of which of which was the formula of fusion, and then fusion. I'm not interested in drugs now. Drugs are big business. It's rather boring to me. Drugs have become co-opted by the consumer society. Drugs now are just another drug that people can use to make themselves feel cool or to make it. It's fine. It's none of my business. I'm not interested in it.

**Maclean:** No more Mark's book. Of A Free De The Moon, but what does the association with them mean? There's no planet, no religion, no business, is the whole episode and discipline there could be no heroes.

**Leary:** Within 10 to 15 years NASA and Russia are going to have small space colonies. But these are going to be great. You

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**Macleans:** I can see that you have seen the external climates of some of the big condominium developments with the fake streams running through them, and fake forests, simulated, beautiful environments, yet somehow they are missing. Would there still be something missing when you manufacture a beautiful environment?

**Leary:** Well, in theory your question is a powerful and almost an unanswerable one, but in practical terms of the American people live in urban surroundings. More than half the people in Denmark now live in Copenhagen. In India, the rural population is now moving to the mercantile middle class of Calcutta and Bombay. We are living in a shrinking planet. There is no way that you can reproduce on this planet, the natural world needs of 300 years ago unless you migrate out space. Some of the O'Neill people have suggested that all industry will be in space. There are a million more resources in the asteroid belt and the moon than there are in this earth, even if we spread and looked and segmented the entire planet. So, although I can't answer your question in theory, the story is that we can't—we can not—preserve the wildlife, the buffalo or the lion or the grizzly with the pen and ink, we are going in this planet. When I was a person, I said to spend a lot of time with some, not Indians

who are very happy about the white man coming and taking North Dakota away and killing the hundreds of thousands of millions of buffalo. They are very tall and they want to get guns and fight the white man. I said, "You're crazy! If I tell you what I will do for half the cost of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and half the cost of all your 30,000-acre Keweenaw springs. We'll build you 30 spaceways as big as both Dakota and you can populate them with as many buffalo as you want and you can ride around to your heart's content." The same thing is true of the political problems. For the cost of five years of the Arab-Israeli War, we could build 10 Israeli. We'll give four of them to the Jews and we'll give four of them to the Palestinians, and the Israeli will keep two, because as Israelis thought it up.



**UNLESS WE MIGRATE INTO SPACE, THIS PLANET IS GOING TO BECOME AN ANTHILL**

**Macleans:** But don't you think the problem will spread there too?

**Leary:** No, because the problem is the political problems that face humanity are territorial. There is going to be unlimited space. We're going to be cranking out worlds. We have to end our needs of the concept of interplanetary travel. A planet is the most possible place to live. Forget planets! That's called planetary chauvinism. This planet Earth is like a 4,000-mile gravity well. All the energy has to slip down through this ocean of atmosphere to generate. We look for the sun and we try to dig the sunlight out of the earth in the form of fossil fuels. We are actually crawling around on the bottom of a 4,000-mile ocean. We are just the lowest form of sea-bottom creature down here. No wonder it's hard to move around. Down here every

journal has as territorial (repressive and has to fight the other) needs to get the breeding grounds. That's because this is a small planet. Out there, as I say, it's going to be much cheaper to build people on Mars and more worlds. There is plenty of unoccupied space out there but not on planets. When you struggle up this 4,000-mile well and you get up there, the last thing that you are going to do is then dump down into another well, which is less hospitable. Like Mars or Venus. We do not belong on planets any more than birds belong in cities. We are supposed to migrate. Migration and mutation are the key words of evolution. Evolution proves its species by migration and metamorphosis. We must end our notion of the concept that we are territorial. The Earth is not worth our need and we are about to leave it.

**Macleans:** You mentioned Israel and the American Indians, two very good examples of people who have powerful feelings about the land on which they live.

**Leary:** Yeah!

**Macleans:** Who have religious, pantheistic feelings. If people are going to get used to living in space colonies, they are going to have to get out of these feelings. How can it be that going to be?

**Leary:** Not all will do that. You see, we've been through this once before, at least several times before. A long time ago all of us lived under the water. We were marine creatures. So everyone said "I love my little lagoons. I love my little swamps. I love my little tidal basin." They grew amphibious appendages and claws and frog legs and lugs. Those who want to live on Earth, down here, can do it. That's the beautiful part. This is totally self-selective. There will be cylinders with just vegetation. There will be cylinders made up exclusively of bacteria. There will be cylinders made up of many people. There will be cylinders made up of quiet people. There will be cylinders with multiple group marriages. See, the reason for space migration and for living in these astronomical huge and increasingly growing numbers of space cylinders is to multiply the options. Unless we migrate out space, this planet is going to become an anthill! Our overpopulation will mean that we will all live in smaller spaces. We will have to be governed by a police state. There will be no options for going where you want to go and doing what you want to do.

**Macleans:** What about food?

**Leary:** Agriculture is going to be much simpler in space, because 200 to 300 yards away from the living cylinder will be the most efficient cylinders and the agricultural cylinders. The food chain necessary to get a truck on the planet of a San Diego person is something like 3,000 miles with Tractor trucks and railroad cars. The wheat, the corn is grown in Kansas or Iowa. It's shipped to Texas. It's fed to the cows. The cows are put in trucks or flatcars and brought up to Kansas City or Chicago where they are butchered. That

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# East is still east and west is still west, but the twain now meet - over a Big Mac

Column by Robert Lewis

By now Japan's Prime Minister, Takeshi Miki, has learned that verbal politics can be as perilous as war. In his attempts to get to the bottom of the Lockheed bribery scandal, Miki found his leadership challenged from within his right-wing Liberal Democratic Party by those who feared that a Mr. Chase might bring out their own dirty laundry if it was any consolation, before Prime Minister Tanaka. In Japan, last month he assumed the Japanese leader personally that he thought Miki could survive the malcontents. For his part, Trudeau probably took very satisfaction from the revelation during his stay in Tokyo, one in a Canadian cabinet, that Miki was also in hot water for discussing the Lockheed affair on the telephone with a caller who purported to be a judge.

That Japan has chosen full-blown political scandal, with a man-judge affair, seems fitting for a nation that has adopted so many North American ways—including the determined pursuit of both affluence and efficient services. Thus, almost 1,000 years of civilization separate us from the Japanese and they are many things that we are not: industrialism, capitalism, order, orderly, culturally homogeneous, to name a few attributes. But superficially, the culture shock is not so much in the differences as in the similarities—the Madison Avenue-style advertising, the clutter of foreign brand names, the social costs of chasing the good life.

If those of us who accompanied the prime minister had spent less time in morning vehicles, moving between the staged "spokes opportunities" of his visit, these impressions surely would have been less floating. But caught up in the official whirlwind of a short stay, what first-time visitors to Japan see is usually all they get. What you first see is a city-sized skyscraper, all complete with background bedchambers. In the early morning, due to the first day, the visitor forgets about the Japanese technology inside. In this case, the more marvelous a computerized vision system suggested by the desired walkway, the more (BT-8 = 3.30 a.m.). All of which makes the mumbled "thank you" noticeable if desirable.

Over imported liquor lies in the Western style. Near Dawson Hotel, television's "Canadian House of Mystery" is a bar with a note of familiarity. There are prices for Mutt and Jeff, Cadbury chocolates and Kentucky Fried "chicken with Coke" in the young voices chant repeatedly in sync with the Shogun singing. Along crowded streets, seen-again in "Big

John" blue jeans walk into the downtown McDonald's and Donuts Donuts joints.

On television screens, game shows offer up the same grade-minded adolescent trivia that New York and Toronto have fostered on us all. One morning a group of mothers struggled madly against a clock to pull clothes on their children from a helix pile of shirts, pants and sweaters on the studio floor. When the bell sounded, with the audience roaring, the children got to keep the clothes on their backs. This clearly delighted the mothers, but not some of the howling tykes who were traumatized by the scenario.



The Japanese are not able to see what all this is taking them. Efforts are being made to reduce the staggering pollution of the environment in fast Canada is suggesting that Japan do more of its manufacturing in this country. People do worry that foreigners are creeping into the Japanese vocabulary, that traditional culture and values are being eroded, that increased consumption of meat and alcohol is altering healthy diets.

One of the messages that Trudeau tried to tell the Japanese was that Canada is a somewhat different land than our neighbor to the south. By implication, he was saying that new approaches can be found to the problems of industrialization. But this thesis appeared to win even less acceptance in Japan than it does among the general populace at home. Take, for example, the students of Keio University

who are enrolled in a new Canadian studies program under Professor Yui Nellies, formerly of Toronto's York University. A conversation in the quad with 15 of them suggested that few had any particular fascination with this country, let alone any perception that we are trying to avoid becoming a 51st state. "It's very difficult to distinguish between Canada and the United States," observed Minami Kazuo, 22, a post-grad student who has studied in the United States and is now a student in English language and history at Keio. "Canada," added 22-year-old Etsuko Yamamoto, "has to take time to become more independent of the United States. They owe so much to the States."

These are views that are shared in Canada by people at all levels of society. What is controversial in both countries is the fact that America has a traditional way of doing business around the world it isn't coming to an end. Sparked by the Arab oil embargo, less developed nations have learned that they can—and must—extract higher prices from the have nations for their raw materials, which will mean higher prices for luxuries and necessities.

Trudeau told the Japanese that, as a return for buying so many tape recorders, television sets and wrist watches, Canada wants to export more kind goods to Japan. But we don't feel comfortable with a trade relationship in which we export only our coal, our oil and our repressed Canadians and Japanese, however, both have to realize that the less developed nations of the globe have even more justification for making those same demands of the industrialized democracies.

Trudeau has been selling that message with some effectiveness abroad, while his international Gullipoli push ahead of his domestic message. In a hospital address, Keio U. the first wondered rhetorically, "How can the majority of national suffering, as they do from hunger and malnutrition, be persuaded of the good faith of the balance, valuing as so many of them do from the effects of alcoholism?" In every other country around the world," Trudeau added, "we in the industrialized democracies are being watched and measured."

My guess is that the message is not getting across at home. Trudeau may be giving away the secrets of the land ruled in the Third World, but he is way ahead of a self-centered electorate back home. What he needs to do now is to tilt his campaign to the Canadian people: to sell the need for sharing in this with the same vigor he has shown abroad.

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# Canada

## A fine mess Bourassa's got himself into

On the morning Quebec's Premier Robert Bourassa tried to make one of the key events of the provincial election campaign—his decision to modify the electoral requirements of his government's controversial Bill 22—sound like a smooth administrative adjustment. "Without any argument, and respecting the fundamental principle of the law, we were able to bring to a justifiable representation," he said to a Montreal audience. But to many increasingly skeptical voters, the announcement looked as suspiciously like a divided consensus—a desperate move to defeat the danger from separatism and English-speaking Quebecers over Bill 22 that had placed in jeopardy Bourassa's Liberal seat in Montreal.

Quebec's famous English minority had vowed "we've moved the barometer and we'll have a say over what goes back in [on Bill 22] when we're elected."

Consequently, Bourassa had called the November 15 election to strengthen his hand against Trudeau's demand to pursue the Canadian Constitution unanimously. He also made it clear he was going to attack the power of the unions. But in opting for an election two full years before he had to, Bourassa also clearly hoped to take advantage of the weaknesses of the opposition parties. When he began his campaign this summer that there might be a full election, the opposition Parti Quebecois had just suffered the embarrassment of having its newspaper, *Le Jour*, collapse while the revised Union Nationale had only recently elected an unknown leaderly overlord, Rodrigue Biron, as its leader. Former justice minister Jerome Choquette, as leader of the fledgling Popular National Party, was hiding in obscurity in a manner reminiscent of Paul Hellyer's last time when with Action Canada.

With the Liberals holding 96 seats in the

130-seat National Assembly the odds for a straightforward majority were slim. And the campaign soon showed that Bourassa was in trouble. The Premier was pushed and boxed in Chateaufort where Union workers had been on strike since July and boxed again in Thetford Mines the night after his announcement of changes in Bill 22. An independent poll taken late in October showed the Parti Quebecois, which had only six seats in the last National Assembly, with the support of 31.3% of those polled, compared to only 22.3% for the Liberals and 28.3% either undecided not saying or not favoring any party.

Bill 22 seemed to be the issue that would not go away. Yet in a face-to-face debate earlier Bourassa was no kinder than Lévesque as he tried to do, and, in vigorously attacking the NDP's separatist position, the Liberals obviously hoped to win back disenchanted English and immigrant voters while keeping the support of the French majority. Yet somewhere in the campaign progress, the Liberals seemed to display a knack for pleasing almost no one. Wide divisions persisted over Bill 22 and the lan-

guage of instruction issue. While Bourassa's wife (and Bill 22—otherwise he was not sheding the love for immigrant children who want to attend English schools, allowing children with older brothers or sisters in English schools to transfer to the English school system without tests, and introducing the teaching of English in French schools in grade three instead of grade five—was greeted with distrust in its own kindred issue of the voters of dissent within his own party, which have cringed from anglophone George Springer's demand for a return to freedom of choice in the language of education to Thérèse Lavoie-Breault's demand that the existing provisions of the bill be extended to private schools. Even so, as issue in fundamentalist separatism there were wide variations within the Liberal Party. Cultural Affairs Minister Jean-Paul L'Alair said that if it continues to not improve within Confederation, Quebec would separate.

"I mean we, the Liberals, would take Quebec out of Confederation. We wouldn't want for anyone else to do it," he was echoed by Liberal Party president Ben Poyette.

As the going got increasingly tough, Bourassa began playing on visceral fears of financial instability under a pro government. "What would happen in the case of your homes?" he asked. "What will happen with investments? This is an ordinary citizen's political opinion is at stake. We have a choice, once and for all, to crush separatism." The three—the source

of Bourassa's 1970 and 1973 victories—could prove a potent weapon. Yet there was clearly enormous dissatisfaction and dissent in the Liberals, and some voters might have been inclined to feel Bourassa had moved well down too often.

On the other hand, the Parti Quebecois was all too aware of the risks of separation. They played a referendum on independence, but ran solely on the issue of competent government, with slogans such as "On a besoin d'un vrai gouvernement" [We need a real government]. In a campaign similar to Stephen Levesque's highly successful Ontario New Democratic campaign in 1975 (which won the party 58 seats), stressing "solid and honest" or humanistic issues such as industrial health, inadequate ambulance services and the need for more subsidized housing in English IV schools, Levesque summed up "this election is not about independence," trying to reassure English voters about the commitment to a referendum. As he noted in an interview, "We'd sweep Quebec completely if we didn't have this idea [of independence]—that leap into the future."

The major question mark in the campaign was how disenchanted Liberals would resolve their dilemma, and another unknown quantity was the Union Nationale. Still not well known and increasingly antagonistic in its language policy (the Union Nationale argued that English and French both be "official" languages in Quebec, but that French be the "national"

language), Rodrigue Biron made a few serious mistakes but seemed to have won considerable support in the predominantly English-speaking West Island of Montreal. And for the first time since the December 1970 crisis, Liberal Conservatives were working solidly behind the PCs.

Much was also likely to depend on how voters perceived the Liberals' last-minute shuffle on Bill 22. While some party organizations denounced the changes as unprincipled, the anonymous voter himself may have been somewhat reassured. The French-language press reacted vigorously against the increased introduction of English. Journalists have also shown a keen desire on the part of francophone parents for improved instruction in English.

Given the long list of electoral impossibilities, some observers wondered whether the Quebec election might might not be some strong indication in the face of John Diefenbaker's federal Conservatives in 1963. The Tories then, like Bourassa's Liberals, went into the campaign with a sizable majority, but knowing that they were certain to lose seats—the only question being how many. What the Tories hardly considered was what would happen if a measure less than that came into majority government. As election day in Quebec neared, that kind of outcome loomed as a possibility—unless the only Bourassa could win the best case were by taking all on ordinary Quebecers' deep-seated fears of the upheaval of separation.

CHRISTOPHER



Bourassa comes walking party policy a security press conference turned out to be fair play, but is it good politics?



Levesque campaigning among the factory workers in his own riding, raising against the Liberals, not Confederation

## The Ottawa cavalry is deployed, but can it save the day?

There had not been so overt a federal intrusion during a Quebec provincial election since 1939, when federal ministers from Quebec campaigned successfully in support of Adolphe Godbout to help topple Premier Maurice Duplessis. This time, as the province headed toward the November 15 election, two former Trudeau cabinet ministers, Jean Marchand and Bryce Mackenzie, joined Premier Robert Bourassa, publicly declaring their fear or opposition and their desire to change the application of Quebec's controversial Bill 22.

When Allan MacEachern, the federal Liberal House Leader, rose in the Commons to bid his colleagues farewell, he observed that Marchand was going "on assignment" to Quebec. It was an unfortunate phrase which seemed to suggest that the two men were being sent from Ottawa to take charge of an embattled Quebec Liberal Party and the idea was picked up gleefully by René Lévesque, leader of the embattled Parti Québécois, who quailed the idea in almost every speech.

Mackenzie, who left the Trudeau cabinet last September after a dispute with the prime minister over federal politics, was leaving in the indignantly moved, albeit Montreal riding of Notre-Dame-de-Grâce. The embittered second-generation Irish-Quebecer, who is fluently bilingual, was given a good chance of winning his old riding and also of bringing at least some of Quebec's 1.2 million anglophones back to the Liberal fold. Marchand's task was more difficult. His problem was that nobody wants him. "I only scored a victory Quebec Liberal," lightning

months ago in quiet intimacy Marchand is now federal politics to become a presence at Liberal University failed. Then in July, Marchand quit the federal cabinet when Ottawa appeared to back down in the dispute over bilingualism of Quebec important affect did not discuss seriously agreed on with Bourassa.

Marchand was given a tough riding in West Louis-Robert, which includes the Quebec City suburb of St. Joy and part of the Université Laval. His political opponent was the Parti Québécois Claude Morin, a prestigious academic and onetime senior constitutional adviser in four Quebec governments. As no candidate in 1970, Morin lost to a Liberal by only 777 votes.

On the hustings, Marchand looked tired and worn, grey with fatigue. But the aggressive questioning from piqueful supporters seemed to ignite the old fire in the man. He lashed out angrily against separatists, against "throwing ourselves into an anglophone that would cost us very dearly." But there was also a defensive quality to Marchand's attacks. He was quietly fuming when he said that the separatists had no right to mislead "a little people" and suggested Quebec's economic and technological advances in the use of 250 million English-speaking North Americans. Inevitably clear that he was pained by the state of French-English relations in Canada. "You know, I'd like to be before a separatist tomorrow," he said. "I would become a great man overnight in Canada. It is easy to give in to those pressures. What is difficult is to say no." For Marchand, the real source of French-English tension is not in Ontario or

the west—but in Montreal, where "the French have refused to learn French for so many generations."

Uwe Marchand, which speaking to a predominantly francophone constituency downplayed his opposition to Bill 22. Mackenzie was able to kick off his campaign with the federal claim that he had something to do with Bourassa's promise to reviving the language law Education Minister Jean Bienvenue called the timing of Liberal concessions a "concoction." But the announcement came only a few days after Mackenzie made a belated entry into the race with the scarcely veiled threat that he would not be part of any government that treats "minorities as second-class citizens."

Mackenzie's efforts were being directed to the 24 Quebec ridings where the anglophone or immigrant vote could tip the electoral balance. In his own riding, which will surely Liberal last year, his campaign was slick and well organized with the help of imported talent from Ottawa. He has husbands, he reminded voters that once again you're being unfairly asked to decide if you want this country to stay together. "That was why he said he was turning in French instead of accepting an \$80,000-a-year offer to head a Cotron corporation, rumored to be Canadian National. Other considerations may have crossed Mackenzie's mind. Liberal sources noted that he is still eyeing the possibility of succeeding Trudeau as federal Liberal leader, and being seen as a savior of Confederation and the protector of anglophone rights in Quebec would not harm his chances.

GRAHAM FRANKLIN/LEWIS DRELL



Mackenzie and Marchand, hustling voters on one hand a big phone for Bourassa, on the other a big target for Lévesque

## PARIS

### Give 'em hell Donald

For an entire day before his first official visit to France this month, Canada's new external affairs minister, Don Jamieson, was discreetly exhibited by Canadian embassy officials that a diplomacy must be danced in Paris to allow and rigorous critics. But Jamieson's 36-hour tour was hardly a success story when he finally, chastised Newfoundland had some choreographic ideas of his own. Ruddy-faced and fresh from a week of dancing vodka with the Russians as head of a government trade mission to Moscow, he burst into a Paris meeting with a heavy staff the first morning only to warn them that he was there to "shock" and "scare" into "wild" and "crazy." Next over a press conference luncheon, he told some of the most distinguished members of the French press corps—on a sumptuous fish-bait—that it was time France started to make good its year-old trade agreement with Canada, which so far had been "more shadow than substance." Then, still beating heavily, he set off on a round of visits, ranging this time with French foreign minister Louis de Broglie and Premier Raymond Barre, and ended up by pointing out to each of them that "there has been invented something called the telephone."

French plain speaking will lose when stalling in the marketplace world of pomp and politeness, it was even more extraordinary considering that Jamieson is the first French minister to be awarded an official visit to France since President Charles de Gaulle visited his four former viceroy—"Vive le Québec libre!" in Montreal nearly a decade ago. The invitation had been accepted as much as his previous earlier by his predecessor, Allan Rock, and Jamieson had reportedly given serious consideration to accepting it, because it didn't fit his schedule and the Canadian embassy in Paris went into shock. After years of diplomatic fence-mending and Trudeau's celebrated French visit two years ago, the old strain of Franco-Canada relations have only recently begun to fade. But even to the slightest sign of a visit such as President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's two-month delay in accepting the credentials of Canadian ambassador Gérard Pelletier or his exclusion of Canada from last year's economic summit at Rambouillet, can still stir up French and old wounds.

Indeed, Jamieson's visit found the Canadian embassy in an especially sensitive mood. Last month, François Cloutier, the deputy external minister who prized Québec's exposure to 32 through the region, seemed to take up his reward as the province's new man in Paris, an appointment that was obviously intended to counterbalance Pelletier's subsanguine Cloutier has never been known to shy



Jamieson and Roy in a world of smiles and whippers a geyser of shock and awe

from the limelight and for weeks the Québec papers had been beating the idea of his presence did not convince Paris and his auspicious new official appointment as the Pelin Royal, with both that fresh ink from the two legations was just beyond the horizon. But three weeks after Cloutier's departure, Pelletier was able to assert Jamieson that the new Québec deputy general was behaving "like a fish." As if to prove it, the French minister palmed to Jamieson's elegant suite in the Hotel Crillon for what both termed a normal courtesy call.

For his part, Jamieson seemed off any talk of old wars to the French press by the following day. "I see no point in rehashing old wine." The French press responded by ignoring the former rift completely and according to the visit excellent and sincere dialogue. The Paris newspaper *Le Monde* reported that matters "without comment" and been discussed, and it was not difficult to see why. Le Monde failed to get excited by such weighty subjects as the badly bubbling in Canada, courts over the rights of Niagara water powers to use the water, or over the study the ownership of fishing rights for the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon with Canada's newly proclaimed 200-year anniversary.

If Jamieson seemed barely without a problem in which Jamieson seemed a person's interest. As a federal star from the south shore of Newfoundland he said, "I'm the only Canadian with a constituency not miles from France." If Jamieson seemed barely without a single conversation from the French—not even a firm date for Giscard's long-postponed Canada visit—his trip was never

really intended to accomplish that. From the outset it was meant as a personal process of "mixing" and before diplomatically hopping on the controversial Franco-Irish telephone Canadian's guest for his return fight, he would justifiably claim that "there was no question of the unidirectional."

The most significant aspect of his visit, however, may have been to confirm that, after five and two months in the traditionally very critical position, the 35-year-old minister is determined to bring to it a refreshing new personal style that is less reminiscent of a minister than a down-home guy. "I don't look like someone who could do a mission," he admitted, putting his ample grin. A former broadcaster who made himself a fortune as president of the Newfoundland Broadcasting Company before moving his seat in 1966 by-election, he is prior to heading into room 606, his first in his last two years in his radio announcer's post changed some. Asked by a French journalist whether he had read President Giscard's new book, *French Democracy*, Jay, Jamieson was, as usual, not keen for a reply. "I'll read his when he reads mine," an open on broadcasting called *The French Air*—he shot back.

As former minister of industry, trade and commerce, Jamieson was typical as the perfect spokesman for Canada, but his new post as diplomatic star was one of the least surprises of Trudeau's September 14 cabinet shuffle. The pundits liked to explain that Ottawa's new emphasis in foreign affairs was obviously on trade and foreign business's appointment was an astutely conservative threat, with little prospective buzz-rodding already Jamieson seems to be proving them wrong. "As a Newfoundlandian, I know that there is a difference between nodding and just

topping them over so slightly," he says. And, usually, after years of Canada stilling CMLT relations, he has ordered a thorough re-examination of Canadian policy toward nuclear exports, and in his maiden speech to the United Nations General Assembly last month, he warned Third World nations to be unbecomingly true that Canada would not tolerate further moves to expel Israel from the UN—the fiercest speech delivered by a Canadian in many years.

He promptly went on to strike an acquaintance with Henry Kissinger on a first-name basis and has taken to making a whole new crowd into Queen's usually closed diplomatic circle. "I don't see it as a reserved kind of climate where we can't see the normal amount of controversy and straight talk," he says. "I hope it will be increasingly possible to talk with world leaders and foreign ministers just as I would with anyone else." Whether that approach will work with European leaders, who feel most at home with the time-honored formalities, has yet to be seen. As one longtime observer of the French diplomatic scene noted: "It's an interesting approach, and the French will get used to it, I guess. At first they saw little of the prime minister; they saw little of the prime minister."

## OTTAWA

### The more things change . . .

The episode of events now being run Prime Trudeau's cabinet in September had the attendant musical chairs involving portfolios were viewed by his advisers as one way of trying to improve the Liberal government's sagging fortunes. Before the system of that effort could be weighed in, however, another James Richardson quit the cabinet in a protest over bilinguism (Meleis, November 1) and forced the rest to return to the cabinet drawing boards in an all-out effort early this month involving three more changes.

The only completely new cabinet face is that of Joe Guay, the 61-year-old Liberal whip who was named Quebec minister for joining the cabinet was that, apart from Richardson, he is the only Liberal not from Quebec. A leader-longer leader of the opposition, Guay will serve as a minister without portfolio while continuing as party whip.

The other two cabinet changes were reported Toronto's Bureaucracy Digest, a doctored version of what had been serving as Minister of Urban Affairs, will step into Richardson's defense post. Urban Affairs went to Meleis's personal aide André Gauthier, who quit his post as Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs after being convicted of contempt of court last week for his remarks about Quebec Superior Court Judge Kenneth MacKay's acquittal of three sugar companies on production charges. There were some grumbles around Ottawa over Guay's appointment, but Trudeau brought Gauthier back into office, so he is considered that the Meleisier



Denon: It's not just war that's at stake



Quebec remains at the negotiating table



Guay: and why you're not who you are

has "temporarily paid the penalty" by removing himself from cabinet for eight months.

Trudeau, in fact, was known to be anxious to bring Gauthier, 37, back into the fold because of his long following in the Quebec Liberal caucus, generally among the younger men. When Jean Marchand left the federal cabinet this summer, Trudeau appointed Gauthier and Welfare Minister Marc Lalonde to succeed Marchand as his Quebec lieutenant. But the first named Marchand's gut political instincts meant that Lalonde's, and may now have set out Gauthier to eventually take over in the federal Liberal's Quebec leader. At Urban Affairs, Gauthier will have to contend with the presence of a powerful deputy in the person of William Teros, who, under then prime minister, had been Minister of Housing and Construction, recently on his own, Danco, for example, sometimes had difficulty finding out what the cabinet was doing, even though the agency minister, some \$1.7 billion in federal funds. A showdown between Gauthier and Teros over political control of CMLT is a strong possibility.

Denon, who lost the sight of his left eye as a lieutenant with the Queen's Own Rifles just after D-Day, was reflected, as any old soldier would be, not simply to take away. He will inherit the tricky task of overseeing the controversial contract with Lockheed for Canada's new fleet of long-range patrol aircraft. If he manages that, several complications small him in helping to decide which company should get the order for more than two billion dollars worth of new fighter planes. **ROBERT LEWIS**

## The bargaining table

After confining each other across the picket line during the October 16 "Day of Protest," labor and government have taken the first tentative steps toward reaching a dialogue over the bargaining table. The ultimate goal, laid out by both sides, some sort of "social contract" in which labor would agree to wage restraint after controls are lifted, while the government in return would provide social reforms and pro-union legislation. But few observers were happy to agree to an atmosphere sown by Ottawa's imposition of controls on the one hand and labor antagonism on the other. There was suspicion among labor—like the Canadian Labor Congress' voice of "separatism"—which would give the CMLC a voice in national economic planning. Some of the CMLC's member associations fear that would only result in a new level of bureaucracy and in the end weaken the role of rank-and-file labor.

On the government side, Labor Minister John Munro made the first move with a parliamentary speech just after the Day of Protest, listing "14 points" of concessions to labor response from guarantees of wider working opportunities to reinstatement of women "discrimination" the West German steel for industrial deceleration under

which workers participate in corporate planning. Ottawa has also suggested the establishment of a "multiparty" body made up of representatives of business and consumers as well as labor and business to be consulted by the government on major issues. That list of short-term demands listed by the CMLC in a recent document presented to the cabinet last July. The CMLC would establish a "tripartite" board made up of representatives of government, labor and business with sweeping powers to direct private investment, regulate

unemployment insurance, control investment, manipulate "certain tax levels" and even make his own investments with funds borrowed from the Canada Pension Plan.

The CMLC's demands have been denounced as ill-conceived, not just by government and business spokesmen but even by New Democratic Party leader Ed Broadbent, who views them as essentially anti-democratic. Some prominent labor leaders are also growing edgy over the separate concept. Says Cliff Philby of the United

## Enter at your peril, exit maybe not at all



The rioting in downtown Calgary

Calgary commuters and householders have been locked in a bitter battle ever since the post residential district of Mount Royal made itself even more exclusive last year, only by barricading some of the streets leading into the neighborhood. The aim was to dislodge commuters from taking shortcuts through the area. But the light to keep commuters on the straight road—and access—through streets in which they would their way to end from work has ricocheted from neighborhood to neighborhood as ingenious commuters find new shortcuts. Now a diabolical scheme to trick or harrow the dissembling commuters has emerged in the form of a car trap that can take over the time and damage the underpin of workers' lives.

At Swearingn's University of Calgary planning officer who is responsible for the campus' physical facilities, devised the trap when the university decided to keep cars out but allow buses to proceed from the north end and to the campus to the south. Inspiration came to Swearingn when he remembered the ubiquitous western device called a cattle gate, which is designed to prevent cattle from straying. The cattle trap consists of wide-spaced rails placed over a shallow ditch, it can be used to cross the gate, they fall between the rails, trapping them. Swearingn adapted the design

and came up with a trap that is six feet wide and eight feet long and has a flat, diamond-shaped point angled two feet apart along it. Cars that try to cross the six-inch deep trap do so at their peril. But buses, which have a wheelbase under four feet, can safely cross it. He has adapted Swearingn's idea. Says Hamilton, travel planning officer, says the traps are the ideal solution for residential areas that would be served by a transit corridor, where housing is high. The traps, he says, "look much better than barriers," which also block the passage of buses. Without the two new in operation, Hamilton says his buses would have to detour six miles between neighborhoods. Two more are being installed and the United system plans to put others where they're required.

So far, two drivers whose cars have been immobilized by the gates have taken their cases to court. In the first case last month, the Alberta Superior Court gave a preliminary injunction to a car gate in a "banned" area of a "banned" district. In a "banned" area, and ordered the city to pay Andrew Lockhart damages of \$1500 for repeated runs and back runs. Another case, heard recently in court, was dismissed. Margaret Bell had sued the University of Calgary for \$3000 in damages to her car after it blundered into a trap. The difference in judgments reflects the amount of swearing off by the university. The court ruled that Bell was trespassing since the trap was adequately guarded by illuminated no entry signs, yellow and black striped posts, a flashing red light and a sign that reads "Danger: Heavily punishable for cars. Entry restricted to city buses. No trespassing." The city of Calgary has revised its warning system and has taken out further lawsuits. Drivers, however, are not easily deterred. "There are cars taking them all the way to Hamilton. And if some get through, I'm told if you can get up enough speed," says Hamilton. "You might be able to take them"—others get switched. One driver says he is looking at a cattle gate. As Calgary's city council finally gets the point. **SUSANNE SWANSON**

Automobile Workers, a former NLRB MIA in October. "A number of us questioned [the position]. I think what we ought to be doing of us was more power in choosing more men that support our philosophy."

In an effort to explain discontent over representation within the labor movement and sell his 14 points, Labor Minister Meleis tried to end around the CMLC leadership to speak directly to regional spokesmen. First came an address to chemical workers in Montreal, then a meeting with Edmondo labor and business leaders. In Ed-



Meleis and his cabinet: social contract talks

monaco, Jack Pickens, president of the Edmonton council of mid-way unions who publicly opposed the CMLC's Day of Protest, said he is fearful opposition would make more bureaucracy and further situation of labor leaders from the rank and file. "I've not seen it was labor leaders' fault all that power," he said. "Who's the troublemaker?" Nor is he convinced that labor representatives should sit on company boards of directors. "If they want to mix in some of the business, why don't they give everyone a vote?" I'm worried about democracy and the rank and file. As for Meleis's 14 points, Grace Mitchell, executive secretary of the Alberta Federation of Labor, said "Right now the things I'm talking about are hard to argue against. They're the types of things we've been waiting for a long time."

For the time being at least, the CMLC is sticking to its position. CMLC president Joe Morris views government rejection of the response concept as no more than a "bargaining position" and complains that Ottawa, through Meleis's talks with regional leaders, may be "trying to wear the people at the local level away from the CMLC program." To smooth relations further, Meleis is scheduled with Morris at Ottawa's Club Canadian Club last month and the two agreed to try to arrange a meeting between



the CIO executive and senior cabinet ministers. No firm date was set and Morris appears to be playing hard to get. "I don't know when the meeting will be," he said. "After all, we have a very busy schedule."

In the meantime, Morris was apparently concerned that the cabinet's patience, and especially that of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, may be worn thin by this approach. The CIO's own members, that is, Trudeau and senior ministers on three occasions last summer but little was accomplished. With the hopes of the last meeting in August, Morris announced plans for the Day of Protest to back up the club's demands, causing some ministers to speculate that the protest was planned all along and the CIO had been bargaining in bad faith. Says Morris: "It's true we started being more frank with each other and stopped playing games." However, even if the government and the CIO do reach agreement it is doubtful whether the CIO can persuade its member unions to go along. Admits Canada's UAW director Dennis McDermott: "We're not sure whether that's the future, but it's not sure we're at the stage where we can deliver."

AN UNKINHAUT/LINDA HUGHES

## Is nothing sacred?

Although it has the least clout to compel disclosure, Statistics Canada has always preferred to operate on the basis of trust. Millions of Canadians, for example, could fill out census forms this summer, confident that no damaging income information would leak to the revenue department. Retail stores obligingly complete crucial sales reports so the knowledge that no data will trickle into competitors' hands. And every month, the internationally respected agency diagnoses Canada's economic health for both economists and government with steel of living and unemployment reports.

Now cracks have appeared in Statcan's trust-worthy image, prompting Trade Minister Jean Chrétien to order an audit of agency contracts in the wake of allegations that a Statcan employee may have stolen government business to an Ottawa investment firm and then passed the firm two months ago. In fact, Statistics Canada officials are satisfied that the employee was a neophyte to guard or even influence the awarding of the contract.

Nevertheless, the affair has served to unleash a stream of reports about closet skeletons, ivory towers and floundering in the press-relations agency. The most damaging information, trickled down by Conservative MP Elmer Mackay and Southern News Service reporters, centered on the withdrawal of four Statcan employees who set up their own data consulting firm in 1972. Mackay, the man who earlier broke the Sky-Sky affair, slipped 33 questions on the Commons under paper about the quarter's activities, including the firm's secret, Allen Jeffrey Associates, and that of a client,

Philadelphia-based Decision Sciences Corp. Chrétien told the Commons that the four were "simply moonlighting" and that as senior consulting firms had tended up evidence of serious conflict of interest but no breach of the Statistics Act or the Criminal Code. Bob Desmarais, executive assistant to chief statistician Dr. Peter Kirkham says that the four used publicly available research and original data to find sales estimates of individual Ottawa shopping centre sales to three U.S. clients. A halt was called after a senior civil service learned of their activities and informed former chief statistician Dr. Sylvia Gaffey who promptly called in the Mounties. Only \$2,000 was paid on a \$35,000 contract. Chrétien told the Commons that the four also had five contracts with Canadian firms totaling \$2,500.

Since the four had access to confidential information—even if they didn't use it—no one was disciplined, two were reprimanded and one was absolved for playing only a marginal role in the scheme. Statistics Canada also issued a circular tightly casting as a conflict of interest but no disclosure, including the stipulation that employees should not "hold outside office or employment that could place on them demands

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Mackay: he knew the whole...



Chrétien... and the haul was on

moonlighting with their official duties." Desmarais says that Statcan is confident the event was an isolated incident. "But the danger," he notes, "is that there is now a nagging doubt in the public's mind about those who are entrusted with confidential information. People are now saying 'Can we be sure?'"

In the meantime, Southern reporters obtained documents showing that a Canadian embassy official in Paris wrote a letter requesting a speedy processing of the 1980 resignation of Jacky Ryan, the current director-general of the general services branch. The letter and the article told the impression that Ryan had trouble obtain-

ing character references from his entire staff. Chrétien told the Commons that the four were "simply moonlighting" and that as senior consulting firms had tended up evidence of serious conflict of interest but no breach of the Statistics Act or the Criminal Code. Bob Desmarais, executive assistant to chief statistician Dr. Peter Kirkham says that the four used publicly available research and original data to find sales estimates of individual Ottawa shopping centre sales to three U.S. clients. A halt was called after a senior civil service learned of their activities and informed former chief statistician Dr. Sylvia Gaffey who promptly called in the Mounties. Only \$2,000 was paid on a \$35,000 contract. Chrétien told the Commons that the four also had five contracts with Canadian firms totaling \$2,500.

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# The wrong man to kill

Who ordered Don Bolles's death? The Mob? Big business? The country club set? And what will The Team uncover about them — and crime in the New America?

By Robert Miller

They have descended on Arizona like so many avenging angels determined to deliver justice to the dark side of America that Al Capone wasn't talking through his newspaper but when he cautioned his mobster pals that they must never ever kill a reporter, that the consequences just would prove unbearable. They call themselves The Team, but they're not playing games. They intend nothing less than to take the story of Arizona apart—in the name of investigative journalism and in the memory of Donald Bolles, a good minor-league reporter who had to die to tell the big time. The Team, in effect, is the response of the U.S. press to the murder of one of its own and its companion and objective to take it deeper in the history of American journalism. In previous reporters from 15 different newspapers, linked by the newly formed Arizona gamekeepers and Editors Association, will spend the rest of the year digging in the considerable dust of the Arizona desert, looking for the scandal in every-

one story are there waiting to be exposed, explaining how the same life in the sun poured to the point where killing a newspaperman seemed a reasonable thing for someone to do.

It is a solemn undertaking, even if it has provoked some ill-considered belly laughs and even if The Team itself has more than a whiff of Boy Scout about it. Certainly, many Arizonians and not a few local reporters don't see it as a prize hunt, as a collection of out-of-state city reporters trying to show the locals how it's done, in a breath of dust as when charges promising to slay all the local dragons. The imagery is almost too rich, a 20th-century shorthand between the white line from the press and the black hole from the underworld, a kind of deadly earnest update of Shakespeare or even The Fastest Gun Alive, in which the well-spoken but deep-thinking hero finally gets rid of the henchmen. The Team, predictably, is sensitive to such comments. It is a remarkable fact that the press, which spends most of its

time poking its nose into and containing the affairs of the rest of society, becomes extremely touchy when the tables are turned. But The Team, confident it is doing the right thing, has taught itself to the pointing and plying of fortune, perhaps because it knows it is going to break open some big stories.

Arizona may be the fastest-growing state in the fastest-growing part of the Union, the epitome of the new Sun Belt prosperity, but it is deeply troubled, by organized crime, by corrupt officials, by giant-giant land swindles, by a variety of the sleazy types who can always be found scurrying around the fringes of a blooming economy. The desert promises to be fertile ground indeed for the investigation. Besides the rustlers and the legends and the Mexican laborers and the privileged possessions of Scottsdale, Joseph Bonanno (aka Joe Bonanno, the Mafia boss who in 1969 Ray Parkhurst, who lives here in grand splendor and a



Bonanno (above) and Licavoli (below) are the most prominent of the 200-odd Mob figures who in recent years have found the Arizona climate—hotly and figuratively—in their favor. Among Bolles's last words were, "They finally got me..." the Mafia, Johnson (right) was the man Bolles was supposed to meet the day he was was killed, and he has been charged with the murder. Also among the reporter's last words: "Find Adams!"



Bolles (above) and the car (right) in which he was fatally injured by a remote-control bomb. Capone never failed to kill reporters, but somebody wasn't listening.



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proclaimed retirement. So does Peter  
Lapovik, one-time boss of Detroit's People  
Guys, now owner of a 72-acre ranch and  
currently in a spot of nice legal bother be-  
cause he has passed around up in his pas-  
sion collection. So, by police estimate, do  
more than 200 other men with close Mulla  
has drawn presumably by the superb  
desert climate and the easy down money.  
And so did Ron Roloff of the Arizona Re-  
public, a reporter whose work sufficiently  
apart the local underworld that last spring  
someone decided to invade Al Capone's  
domain and, in they so gracefully put it in  
Phoenix, "which has not".

Roloff, 47, died June 13, according to  
the papers he inherited 11 days earlier  
when a bomb blew up his white Datsun.  
The bombing, Roloff's grey battle to sur-  
vive the loss of an arm and both legs and  
massive internal damage. And finally, his  
death was shock result beyond the bor-  
ders of Arizona. President Gerald Ford  
wired his anguished condolences. Serious  
inquiries everywhere were shaken, even  
appalled, that anyone could be stupid  
enough to murder a reporter. Roloff's  
Phoenix newspaper colleagues worried not  
to quit until the case was solved, to run a  
story a day until justice was done. His  
colleagues across the country—the other  
investigative reporters who felt a sudden  
chill, who drove cars and who worked, re-  
late alone, to expose crime and corrup-  
tion—resolved to do something, to re-  
spond, to rally round their own flag. Thus  
the FBI investigation was born, and the  
leader, Robert Colson, a close a Palmer  
Press writer for Long Island's Newsday,  
was able to declare: "We think it is a re-  
asonable and logical response to the situa-  
tion of a reporter, keeping in mind that we  
have never had a reporter killed while  
doing his job for a long, long time."

By all accounts a decent man and a thor-  
ough reporter who owed more of his suc-  
cess to his tenacity than his eloquence at  
the typewriter, Roloff was hard to his  
death by the means of a scoundrel. An in-  
formant identified a Roloff's note as a local  
they named John Henry Adams, an  
vivid the reporter to a late-morning in-  
terview in a modest downtown hotel.  
There the informant promised to turn over  
evidence linking Senator Barry Gold-  
water, Congressman Sam Rayburn and  
former Republican state chairman Harry  
Reid to a massive land scandal.  
Arizona has opened to many land ac-  
cidents in the past decade that no one really  
knows how much money has been ripped  
off, other than to guess that it's somewhere  
between \$500 million and one billion dol-  
lars. To date, no scandal involving the  
above-mentioned politicians has been un-  
covered. Such a story however would be a  
reporter's dream: a death for the Pulitzer  
and U.S. government cover.

When Roloff's informant failed to show  
up at the Cleveland Blosser Hotel that  
morning, the reporter returned to his car in  
the hotel lot. He was on his way to the press

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Quebec: his 'Team' is not just there to solve a murder, but to blow the lid

club, where he was scheduled to chair a meeting of the eleven members of Sigma Delta Epsilon, the professional fraternity. He exited his car and was beginning to drive away when the bomb was detonated by a remote control radio device. Horrified witnesses rushed forward to confirm him as he sprawled on the pavement. Toxicology reports were hastily applied to his shattered limbs. "Help me," he pleaded. "Help me." Then "They finally got me." The Mafia Empire: Fred John Adams. At that point, Bolles pressed on. He never spoke again, but from his hospital bed was able to send confirmation that he had been expecting to meet Adams in the hotel.

On October 16, Adams, 32, a self-employed greynosed broker who spent a lot of his time in ready form and in whose apartment police found, among other things, a bombmaker's instructional pamphlet entitled *The Assassin's Cookbook*, went on trial charged with Bolles's murder. The prosecution alleged the killing had been bought and paid for by unknown persons, a contract hit. Three days later, on October 21, Adams's lawyers won their plea for a mistrial. Personal publicity, chiefly in the *Enquirer*, Bolles's own newspaper, had made it impossible to

recapitulate an unprejudiced jury.

The Mafia at various points was understood, despite frequent claims that no such organization exists. Empress, on the other hand, probably does. It is the former but not widely used name of a Buffalo-based confederation controlled by the Jacobs brothers, Max and Jeremy. The Jacobs preside over a vast network of interlocking conspiracy of those involved in professional sports. If you go to a sporting event in North America, chances are that your hot dogs, peanuts and soft drinks are provided by the Jacobs. But the Jacobs have long since moved beyond mere catering; they control nightclubs, have debilitated Las Vegas casinos, own the Boston Braves, have lost money to every rival had pro football. Empress (the name was chosen by the Jacobs' father, who took it from the words "empire" and "enterprise") was reorganized after a 1970 conviction for conspiring to commit a murder. It is now a subsidiary of a new company, Sportsystem Corp., of which yet another arm is Ramcap Media Inc. Ramcap, in association with a family-owned F&B, controls all six greynosed links in Adams. The scopes that stretch out from

Buffalo has been killed in federal testimony to organized crime, and was the subject of a series of articles by Bolles, who was unhappy with its grip on Adams's killing. Bolles frequently wrote tough pieces about the status of criminals, too. An investigative reporter, he did not make trivial errors.

Almost as surprising as the fact that his contacts would dare to kill him, knowing as they must have that a midday bomb attack on a reporter would cause a tremendous uproar, is the fact that late last year Bolles had given up his crusade against criminals in favor of more conventional reporting on politics. Why, then, would organized crime kill him? Perhaps I don't. One theory put forward by police and press alike is that Bolles was the victim of a new breed of crook, the country-club scoundrel. Another is that someone was merely trying to do someone else a favor, and, hopefully, misjudged the consequences. A third hypothesis: Bolles was a victim of delayed-action revenge, that one of his contacts had simply waited long enough to obscure the motive.

In any event, Bolles is dead. The day his car blew up was his wedding anniversary. He and his wife, Rosalie, had planned to celebrate by going out to dinner and taking to a movie that had just opened. The movie was *All The President's Men*, Hollywood's version of the most celebrated piece of investigative journalism of the age. Doubtless Bolles would have enjoyed it. Now, Adams being what it is, Hollywood will probably make a film of Bolles's life and death, particularly if *The Team* succeeds in making sensational disclosures, as it very well may. As *Team* member Mike Wendland of *The Detroit News* put it: "Why am I here? I'm here for the story. What a story! It's the first time anyone's ever had the people and the time and the money to go after a story and follow it through, however it leads."

Minneapolis County, which embraces Phoenix and Acushnet and Tempe suburbs, are as what local boosters like to call the Valley of the Sun. It is the kind of place where plagued desperate humans start dining all the way back to the early 1900s. Three generations of readiness qualifies a family for the description "old." For example, the Goldwater family, which owns department stores and which tried to ascend a member to the White House in 1964, is considered old. So is the Rosenzweig family, which is in jewelry. But there are new families in "the Valley" now—families whose present generations date before long. Marquise County will join Cook (Chicago), Clark (Las Vegas), Duke (Miami) and Wayne (Detroit) on the U.S. security list. These new families don't deal in dry goods or precious gems. They deal in streetwise drugs. Legal gambling, less drinking, prostitution. Where the money is.

William Safireman, the U.S. attorney

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in Arizona, says his state has become per-  
haps the most important conduit for less  
than entering the country. So called "Mexi-  
can brown" casualties across the Nogales  
border often sit in light aircraft that take in the  
desert to avoid radar surveillance. Some-  
times, the exporters dynamite their own  
planes after just one trip to establish po-  
tential evidence. Sometimes, the "new  
border" pay their Mexican suppliers out  
with guano dollars but with Yankee in-  
terests. Most of the brown fields in war into  
the bloodstream of addiction in California,  
Illinois, Michigan, New York, etc., but  
some of it stays in Arizona. "We have at  
least 20,000 people right here," says the  
state's top attorney. "Despite the desert  
business there is, but it is one of the most  
profitable." Phoenix is a profit-conscious  
town. Card games, crap games and book-  
makers are easy to find in Maricopa  
County. So are girls. A Phoenix "week-  
end" newspaper sold in vending boxes  
at least every downtown corner, carried  
side for more than 50 "out-call" mes-  
sage/escort" operations which, police say,  
are entirely controlled by an organization  
known as "the Service" that does, gam-  
bling and girls are nickel-and-dime stuff  
alongside land fraud. Arizona appears to  
be in a class by itself when it comes to  
cracked and even development.

Don Harris is the Maricopa County at-  
torney, a tough 38-year-old refugee from  
Brooklyn who does a lot of Asian Engle-  
wood law work for World Hockey Assoca-  
tion players (Phoenix has a won franchise).  
Harris is also the man who inherited  
responsibility for the Anderson presen-  
tation in the Italian case in August. Harris  
was "bought" from his previous position  
and appointed interim county attorney  
after the local power structure led by the  
papers and a booster group called the  
Phoenix Forty, decided his predecessor  
was, at best, incompetent. Because he  
"can't afford the pay tax," Harris says he  
has no interest in seeking the job perma-  
nently and will step aside at the end of the  
year. In the meantime, he has been enjoy-  
ing himself somewhat getting long-  
standing unrepentant donors, making  
people who used to think they were in-  
vincible. "How much money has been  
grabbed in land swindles?" he asks.

"Maybe a billion dollars, maybe a little  
less. Anyway it's big. And you can under-  
stand it. Look, people living in the big  
case, in the north, in the east they're used to  
paying thousands of dollars for a building  
let 20 feet wide. Then they hear they can  
buy, say, 40 acres for \$7,000. And they  
think, 'Forty acres for only \$7,000?'  
When do I get?' And of course they do  
go. The trouble is, the land is probably  
worthless, miles from anywhere, years  
from development. And quite often the  
prospector don't even have clear title to the  
land they're selling. Or they sell the same  
place over and over. It's not hard, you  
know. If you've got some officials in your  
pocket."



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According to Harris, the hundreds of cracked land operations that have plagued Phoenix and other Arizona such a bad suite during the past decade could never have happened without the resources of public officials and local "businessmen." "The infusing of these white-collar criminals," he says "The guys in government who look the other way, in exchange for a piece of the action, when a land deal is being tried up. The bankers who accept sales contracts at a discount, even though they know something stinks... These people have the nerve to tell me I don't understand, that it's just a question of business." He adds, then explains, "Not all land companies are crooked, head yes. And not all Arizona land being offered is worthless. I've had myself I get some of my hockey players to buy it." When I asked him if he could be specific about the relationship between organized crime and the Arizona establishment, Harris chose his words carefully. "I believe that there have been formal alliances between some of our most respected families and the criminal element. It has been a case of new money flooding in and old money fighting to hold on to its position, to its power." Obviously, an investigative reporter, a Don Bolles would have had no shortage of material to work with in such a story as *Managua*.

Woodward and Bernstein and Water-

gate aside, investigative journalism is not very glamorous. It is usually mind-numbing work, poring over documents, interviewing, cross-checking names and dates and figures, keeping lengthy legal and legislative appointments, a few useless, publishable leads. It is a far cry from go-set journalism, hobnobbing with Henry Kissinger, having cocktails with Rajneet Welch covering overseas diplomatic conferences, or even writing a local column. And, once again, Woodward and Bernstein aside, the men and women who practice this type of journalism are not very glamorous, either by tradition they tend to be lemmings—staccato, suspicious, dimly competitive. They are often misunderstood and occasionally even disliked by their more conventional newspaper colleagues, who grumble about their irregular hours and information producing. There are frustrations in the job: legal barriers, choice sources, bad editors, over-cautious editors, and forget readers.

According to his colleagues, it was frustration, not least that left Don Bolles weary after more than a decade of digging and shadowing. But his friend and colleague, Arizona Republic columnist Paul Dean (he was best man at Bolles' wedding), confesses that Bolles was supported by Phoenix. Fed up because of the community's lack of response to his stories about the influx of millions about Empress and in greyhound monopoly, about land fraud,

about conflicts-of-interest in the public sector. "For years he'd been doing stories saying, 'Hey, baby, they're here' but nobody would listen," Dean recalled, sitting in his office in the Republic's newsroom. "They just got tired of it, wanted a change." Bolles asked to be reassigned from the crime beat to politics, and from late '75 until he died he concentrated on the state capital. It was certainly more involved work, and considerably safer. Bolles no longer put Scotch tape across the head of his car as a security measure. He no longer worried about the safety of Bolles and their seven kids. There on his life had been contemplation in the old days. (When Dean and Bolles eventually collaborated on an investigative series, Dean once returned a piece of paper in the mail. It carried instructions suggesting that if Dean wanted to learn his fate he should put the paper under the kitchen tap and turn on the water, he did—and the paper burst into flame.) Bolles was prudent enough to take such warnings seriously, although once he moved to the political beat he was able to relax. He knew he had nothing to fear from state senators, legislative aides, lobbyists. But old habits die hard, and all reporters love good stories. So when someone pointed him a bloodletter about land fraud and prominent politicians, Bolles took the bait like a hungry trout.

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demeanor the investigation and then, a few hours later to any other newspaper that wants to print them. "Say a Toronto paper picks it up. Well, we'd hook out some leads for local editors, Toronto people who get taken in a land mine, for example, and they could chase after them," classically, although Arizona land companies have promoted heavily in Canada, the Canadian consulate-general in Los Angeles which is responsible for the state of Arizona, says it has never had a complaint from land-windmill victims. This means either that Canadians have been lucky in their purchases or they prefer to look their wounds in silence.

On land activity to help with the investigation, Bruce Greene and Woodland, were a couple of reporters from Tucson's *Arizona Daily Star*, John Winters of the *Republic* and Myra Pollack of the *Arizona Republic*, the only woman member of The Team. (Pollack is the granddaughter of the late publisher of the two Phoenix newspapers, the *Republic* and the evening *Gazette*, the known Arizona well, and often valuable insider into Phoenix society. The managing editor of the *Arizona Republic*, Robert F. Early, is the father of the Phoenix city editor, Bob.) Other reporters—from *The Chicago Tribune*, *Boston Globe*, *Kansas City Star*, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, *San Jose Mercury*, etc.—will be in and out of Arizona for varying lengths of time between now and January. Even Jack Anderson, the Washington columnist, is looking a member of his staff to help.

Not all big U.S. newspapers like the idea of collective reporting. The New York Times, for example, but that if it feels there's a story worth doing it has the resources to undertake it itself. Indeed, the Times, *The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times* have all had reporters digging in Arizona—but not as part of any team. *The Chicago Tribune*, on the other hand, which prides in calling itself the "world's greatest newspaper" despite impressive evidence to the contrary, called The Team an editorial which said, in part, "The press of the United States will not passively accept the killing of one of its own for getting too close to news about its most elements want to hold on... It will not be contained."

Certainly there was one sign that the operation camped in the Arizona are committed. When British journalist Jonathan Steel of *The Guardian* asked Greene about security for The Team, Greene shrugged off the question with a better title joke: "Well, the door is open. If you wanted to come in and mess us up with a machine gun I guess there's not much we could do about it... it's not a brave thing. We generally feel the risk is small." Brave aside, The Team does include a Arizona citizen that owns much both in the underworld and television politician. Greene says "insurance" doesn't do it either but rather "go down." The major operators of the Team member,

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working away from Stage 1809" was described as "deep and dirty" but the way they talk is unimpaired. The way they work is—and they work like brewers. So have the Phoenix papers, ever since Bellet's era was booted. Unfortunately, local papers let their greed and their enthusiasm overcome their professionalism, which is why John Harvey Adamson was booted to win his place for a mutual loss month.

North Central Avenue, former sleeping guard of Adamson, is in strong contrast to the post, palm-fringed Arizona Club where the new and the old money

strangle in the afternoon to drink and play gin rummy and talk a little business. North Central is almost a textbook example of strip/strip development—an area where 20-story office buildings sit on top of a sagging, long abandoned residential town, packed and sandy bars. Here, in spots like the Invincible and Duran's and El Comodoro (no one noticed the remodeling until after the sign was finished, at which point the owner dragged and let it stand as an example of desert chic, Adamson said but cranes from the racetrack world spent their days and nights dreaming of big scores and knocking back Coors beer and bar snacks. The bars are depressingly sim-

ply. Much, waxy cocktail waitresses who've heard it all before, outmoded television sets for the football games everyone has on, indifferent food. When he was first invited in for questioning after the bombing, he believed Bellet's conviction. Adamson could not be held. True, he was wanted on a couple of minor counts of defiling unkept, but he was able to post a bond and walk out. He protested to the Invincible and to find the rest of the afternoon making phone calls, drinking, chatting calmly with a bunch of pool boys. Bellet's colleagues from the Republic tagged along wide-eyed, and watched as Adamson had his white shoes worn out to be cleaned and a musician brought in to do the only.



Harvey, showing cracks in high places

That was enough for the reporters, who promptly labeled the Invincible as a hangout for beating criminals, maybe even the Numbat One Mike drinking spot in the whole southwest. Finally, a self-reporting crook would go near the place, something even its owner concedes. "You'd think Joe Blumstein himself came in here every day for lunch," complained Tom Lehigh, a retired policeman from the San Bernardino sheriff's office. "You wouldn't believe what that paper did to me. Every day it was the Invincible this, the Invincible that. Hey, I can't control who comes in here as long as they behave themselves and settle their tab. But I'll tell you one thing. This place has never been a mob hangout."

Maybe not, but North Central Avenue has seen its share of mob activity. Before Bellet's death there had been at least nine other gangland-style murders in Phoenix. Not one of them has been solved. The most recent took place just a few doors away from the Invincible in an office building, Edward Lauer '86, the president of a computer company (controlled by a man named by county attorney Blake as the king of the land-lord business, one Ned [The Godfather] Warren Sr.) was found with five bullets in him. One in the head, four in the chest—just like in the movie. Lauer was killed the day before he was to testify before a grand jury looking into land frauds. Warren, recently indicted by

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Harris on land-fraud charges was an occasional companion of John Harvey Adams as well as a favorite target of Don Bolles. Even the police discount the idea that Warren might have been implicated in the Bolles killing, but the chain of acquaintanceships is illustrative of just how small a town Phoenix is, even if it does boast a metropolitan population of more than 1.3 million. People tend to know one another, and to know one another's business.

The Team's business in Arizona is well known too and not everyone likes it. Although the *Republic* and the *Globe* are supporting the anti investigation, it is ob-

vious that some employees of the *Phoenix Press* are unhappy. Of course, if an unscrupulous, the press from out-of-state come up with good material, the local papers are going to look foolish. "It was, let's lack," says columnist Dena, who devoted the entire summer to writing about the Bolles case. "But you know, we've been waiting on these stories for quite a few years, and we've got some good people on this staff."

Dena's sentiments were underlined by Harris, who says flatly that he doesn't think very highly of the Phoenix papers (he even says he thought Bolles's work was "very mediocre, although if you say that around here these days you'll be punched") but

who is not impressed by The Team project either. "These reporters are coming in here from the big cities to tell us how evil we are, make me laugh. What about their own cities? Are they so perfect?"

Some Phoenix citizens are upset that The Team is being partly funded by local firms. They suspect political motivations—it's an election year. Certainly, the last's share of the amount goes to cover costs and by its president Ron Kossel of The Chicago Tribune to be about \$120,000, including travel and salaries for the reporters—is coming from the respondent's own papers. But some of the cost, perhaps \$40,000, is being raised by aid from corporate and individual supporters. A 50-state company looked in \$5,000; the Association of Arizona Industries is contributing to the occasion, hoping to raise \$35,000. "Every single grant," Kossel says, "comes with no strings attached. We made that very day. No special briefings, no progress reports. They can spend 15 cents and buy a paper like everyone else." Kossel is the first president of the group, which was formed shortly before Bolles died and which now has 250 members across the United States. The organization, he says, represents an attempt by investigative writers to make contact with one another, to share ideas (if not stories) and to cooperate occasionally. Its inaugural meeting was held at Indianapolis, and Bolles was to have attended. After the bombing, it decided to send Greene out to Phoenix to see whether there was a role the new organization could usefully play. There was, he reported. It could finish Bolles's work.

But the Bolles case shocked more than journalistic circles. A few days after he died the Arizona legislature, almost to shame, passed through a bill that would begin investigating the Emperor Kluge/Sherman's monopoly on psychical forcing. The Phoenix Party, named after the number of prominent citizens who got together 18 months ago to see what could be done about the city's problems, including crime and ineffectualism, redoubled its efforts. Jim Sorenson, president of the United Bank of Arizona and until recently chairman of the Party's anti-crime committee, says he thinks some progress has been made: that the state can defeat organized elements and preserve (or restore) its reputation as a good and safe place to live. He even admits The Team might do some good, although "I believe we really have to solve our own problems." Sorenson arises from behind his ornate desk. "I still think this is a swamp that community. We're not in bed with Chicago or New York. When I go to those cities, I'm scared stiff." He pauses, reflects a moment and then says, "But you know, that fellow who was shot last night, the mortgage man, Lauer. You know, that guy, he got down the street from here," Jim Sorenson will over as fast, young, tough, out of Texas and Harvard shodden in the people.



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# The merry (and not-so-merry) wives of Ottawa

They marry for better or worse, as Maryon Pearson said, but not for lunch—and often not for dinner

By Robert Lewis

In the United States it is the Year of the Political Spouse. At an otherwise dreiful Republican convention in Kansas City, rival cheering squads erupted every time Betty Ford and Nancy Reagan came in to sit down. And during the Presidential campaign, Carter strategists rated appearances on the stump by members of the family as percentages of the candidate himself, according to which Rosalynn Carter flied in for Jimmy in Oklahoma (she was rated by "word" 41% of Carter himself); the backroom boys in Canada haven't yet attempted to quantify the merits of Margaret in Mulroney or Mulroney in Mulroney Jew, although both women have made periodic campaign appearances. Margaret Trudeau during the last two elections and Margaret McTee during the Conservative convention last elected her husband leader. So far the spouses and families of



Trudeau: sharing a husband with politics was almost more than she could bear

Canadian politicians have played much more subdued roles, and reports of their activities have been correspondingly circumspect.

The press generally accedes to the requests of politicians (led by Prime Minister Trudeau) that their private lives remain private (Trudeau's press aide recently told a reporter flying with the prime to Japan that anything his wife might say on the plane was to be considered off the record.) They, however, has not deterred Ottawa's political wives from voicing their frustrations. Margaret Trudeau has moaned about security agents behind her in the backyard, and her husband's "brown boots" of paperwork in the study. Margaret McTee's determination to chart an independent course from the Leader of the Opposition has generated public debate and solidified the fact, common to many dissatisfied politicians, that the younger spouses of the Ottawas will not continue to do business as usual. Their message is that politics is not all glamour, jet trips and push parties.

Margaret Trudeau and the wives of other cabinet ministers, unlike most women working at home, have access to incomes that allow more flexibility in running households and involving the globe (with expenses, the prime makes \$49,900, his minister \$34,600), but the demands of public life are special, too. The hours are not necessarily longer than in industry, medicine, teaching or sales, but politicians travel regularly, often on weekends, and as Jane Fawcett, wife of the Minister of State for Science and Technology, puts it, they always have "the yams down their throats." Nor are there many consolations—a point recently made by Bernard Paret-Rimmond, the new president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce who warned that the recent more businessmen don't even for office is that they "are reluctant to expose themselves to the wedding on the burrito. And if they are elected," he added, "it may be for only four years



McTee (left) made it clear from the beginning that she was a "pusher," not one of those who are content to serve by sitting and waiting

Anne (above) saved her boredom by opening a shop in the basement. She would prefer not to be there at all, but she also believes that the political family that lives together is more likely to remain together

Saoud (below) was an Ottawa wife—his a cabinet minister—before she became a rebel herself. Among the things she sacrificed was her job as a political commentator

Buchard (right) remembers the loneliness and isolation of the first few months in Ottawa. But now, eight years later, it's better: "I'm older now. I see things in perspective... but it is a totally different reality"



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Dealing in 17th McSwiggan, Ottawa, Ont. (See 17)

What do they do when the time is particularly over? Will they have a job to go back to? And if they're elected to the wrong party, they don't have any power anyway."

Eight years ago Madeleine Baskind stood at the window of a downtown Ottawa apartment and looked out onto the night toward the bright lights of a hotel where her new husband, Ken, was planning a strategy for John Turner's Liberal leadership campaign. Then he called to her, and she began to sob. She says she cried a lot in those early months in Ottawa from sheer loneliness and isolation. But that's changed now. For instance, eight months ago, while a woman cared for her two young children back in Ottawa, she rode off in a snowmobile driven by an actor of four to view the midnight sun during a 3,000-mile tour of the high Arctic with her husband, the prime minister. "The older you are," she says, "I see things in a perspective that I didn't have." When she was 25 her first husband, a 38-year-old architect, dropped dead from a coronary. By the time she married Ken of three years later, he was already heavily involved in politics and accustomed, as age 35, to operating in a "heaven." "I don't think anybody can be prepared for this life," she says. "It is a totally different reality. In some ways it is no different than the women from Okinawa who married the executives from Imperial Oil, but the finality and uncertainty of politics separate this life from the other."

Madeleine Baskind has just called a pet sheep to come about prices on a letter box for the family pet, an alloy car named Dorey. While the shepherd goes off in support, leaving the telephone ringing, she finds herself listening to a three-way discussion of the Trudeau government taking place in the shop—some of the participants aware that the prime minister's wife is in the open line. On another occasion during a visit to the Vancouver waterfront from the city's highly generalized statement against the gay sexual legislation advocated by her husband, a hand-screwed sign on a dockside wall reads: "SPOKE BASKIND." At home alone one evening, a Vancouver radio station calls to report where her husband is and reports it has just received a death threat against him. (Incidents such as these are not uncommon for the wives of cabinet ministers.) Lyn LeBlanc has not been particularly involved in the public activities of her husband, the Minister of Fisheries, but as the peak of passions against the federally sanctioned killing of baby seals has reached a depth of demonization blocked the street in front of their home in downtown Ottawa, these headlines on the news and shouted, "LeBlanc is a killer!" Fortunately, eight-year-old Dominique was away with his father at the time and Genevieve, three, didn't understand what the fuss outside was all about.)

There are times, generally Wednesday nights and the occasional weekend, when Ken Baskind comes home as husband and father. At such moments Madeleine Baskind may be consulted about positions he is taking in cabinet. She plays devil's advocate. "I have a wider variety of contacts with a range of people," she says. "I'm out in the marketplace. I have a chance to do more general reading than he does. I try to be useful in conveying ideas from people from whom he doesn't necessarily hear."

But for a bright woman, participation in the events of state is a minor pay, particularly various election nights. "In some ways," she concludes, "it's like it to be my trip. It is absolutely truthful. I'm sure there's a stroke of sheer, unadorned

joyless. He could do it without me." Maryon Pearson, the grande dame of one-liners in life, as the Ottawa wife, a bit startled of Lester Pearson, "I married him for better or worse—not just for lunch." For now, Madeleine Baskind has resigned herself to being at Ken's head of a single-potter family—in at least until her husband quits politics and her children are older. There will be time later, she thinks, for a career of her own. But for bright-eyed Megs, the younger of their two children, life is not so complex. In the midst of her struggle with a mathematics boy, she beams, "I can wait for Ken Baskind to come home."

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Pudner: a harsh life, lonely decision-making, children growing up without a father

There seem to be two kinds of political women in Ottawa: those who push their husbands ahead in their careers, and those who pedal softly. The pushers include Adrienne Lang, wife of Transport Minister Otto Lang; Maureen McTeer and Gayle Nyman, the wife of her son Lorne Nyman; The pushers include Ruth Mackdonald (whose husband almost resigned from politics altogether before he became a finance minister); Margaret Trudeau; Griffin Turner, wife of former finance minister John Turner; and now leader Ed Broadbent's wife Lucille. During the 1975 wage leadership campaign, Broadbent was undecided whether to run despite tremendous pressure from the party hierarchy, but Lorne Nyman, unaware of the hierarchy, was running full out. The difference may have been the two wives and at least one side official speculated directly at the time that everything would be perfect if only the two candidates could swap wives. Broadbent decided to run after the party promised him weekends off to listen to Rush and read books.

Men wives are no more than ornaments on the political scene. They show up in the public gallery at the Commons when their

husbands speak, they play hostess at courteous boring parties, and they appear at his side when he goes out. But some of the younger wives are starting to demand—and get—more out of political life. Liberal air Jim Fleming's beautiful wife Diana has worked in his secretary. Adrienne Lang started working for her husband during the 1972 election, and is now his full time special assistant for press relations. At age 34 she has to endure the inevitable rumors that result from spending her days meeting with reporters. "Everytime I'm seen having a drink with someone wearing pants," she waxes ironically. "The having an affair." And Maureen McTeer got involved in Tory strategy sessions, though not in a formal way. She was present at one meeting between Clark and his aides last summer and after listening to one side make a pitch for the Tory leader to take more sports policy stands she reportedly stood up and declared, "You're won."

Interventions such as that can be embarrassing to a politician and perhaps realizing this some wives have started making out their own careers in an order for their energies. Randomly, McTeer is just such a case. As she takes another crack at

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Lawrence, some things aren't in the book. Like a people calling your husband "litter."

University this year or her bid to become a lawyer. Gayle Watson works as a reporter for 1300 in Ottawa, among her media names. Marie Skanes Gray, wife of Liberal MP Herb Gray and a lawyer, tried to start her own political career earlier this year but lost the Liberal nomination in the riding of Ottawa-Citadelle. Julia Turpin, 40, also lost. Some wives are provoked from pursuing their own careers because of the potential conflict-of-interest, a problem that stalks.

Ruth Macdonald, a business administration graduate from Ryerson, and a former Toronto-based trader, has to cope with the fact that her husband's job as Ottawa director prevents her from seeking employment in an Ottawa financial house. So in addition to caring for their four children she is now working for World University Service of Canada, which promotes public interest in the underdeveloped countries. In 1968 Jeanne Savelle lost regular employment as a Radio Canada commentator when her husband, Maurice, entered the Pearson cabinet. Now 51, she is currently an interim assistant to the Finance minister; he is not invited to sit on certain boards of directors.

Compared with the spouses of backbench and opposition MPs, the husbands and wives of cabinet ministers have it easy. With smaller staffs, fewer resources and none of the lavish cabinet offices provide, they are more exposed to public scrutiny. Suzanne Stewart, wife of Liberal backbencher Mufly Stewart and mother of eight children, says the phone at home in Ottawa rings regularly with constituent complaints, many of them sharply pointed. One night the Stewarts were asleep around midnight when someone from her northern Ontario riding of Cochrane called to complain about a drain on highways on Peter Gowdwin's line night car. Talk show "They go to Ottawa as slaves," says Suzanne, "but I can't do you they don't have slaves."

The families of opposition and backbenchers miss many of whom live in the riding while the top spends his week in Ottawa. And face the problem of prolonged absences. "Politics," admits Alberta Conservative Harvey Andre, "is hard on families." An influential member of Joe Clark's inner circle, Andre moved his family to Ottawa from Calgary a year after he was elected in 1972. The Andres subscribe



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to the view that the political family that lives together is more likely to stay together. "Politics," he says, "does attract people who like to be around power. There are political groups. Frankly, I don't see how people find time to evaluate these relations." At which point Joan Auer quips: "Oh, if I won't here."

One reason Ottawa is regarded as the Sicily of the nation is the narrow view, encouraged by Press Gallery reporters who live in glasshouses of their own, that anything terribly ugly transpires on the Rideau. In fact, the dullness of some of the capital's latest events would never be guessed at Ottawa, where the public has come to take "political area"—in they might say the Press Gallery Office—the infamous Managerial office of 1910. But Ottawa politics is no less dull of a kind as one might expect. The capital—and the clock does not tick only in Hull. It was a cabinet minister who recently called his golf friend in Toronto to complain about his treatment by Pierre Trudeau, only to find the minister's assistant in the press that first day, he didn't know that at the time she happened to be in bed with a reporter. One of the liveliest tales making the rounds of the Ottawa Press Club these days suggests that Joe Clark's party discipline problem may not relate solely to the question of national unity. It is said, on reliable authority, that one of his men returned unexpectedly from an out-of-town assignment to find a colleague in August's office with his wife. Of course, the politician who is accused about his work has much more to fear from a husband and in the case the high rollers of state and their wives seem to be a genuinely square bunch of people who are intrigued by such conventional notions as service to society. One club member recently confessed that the wife had left to her husband because "if he ever found out I was fooling around, he would be devastated."

A veteran Ottawa columnist observes that there was a lot more playing around in the 1960s and early 1970s, when most men left their families back in their ridings for six months a year. Apparently, there were overreactions on the Hill at the time who would make Elizabeth Bay look like an unexciting New, with her air travel provided to her between Ottawa and their ridings, at least when they come home on weekends. Even so, there are still incidents. News former Conservative MP Gordon Aiken in his book *The Backbencher*. "Every now and then I make girls or still find that Hill with some idea trying on her mind. And she finds them." He relates the case of the wife who was having an affair with another's secretary, the liaison after taking place in the latter's office after hours. The husband

apparently broken up when some colleagues threw a small waste basket through the office window during one such rendezvous. Says Aiken: "He knew he had been found out and never went there again." There is probably more opportunity for illicit sex during the many trips one takes both inside Canada and abroad in the course of their duties, although it is more often the reporters and aides who travel with them, who take advantage of it. Says Aiken: "The first thing to remember is that they're not; we started to catch of getting caught at anything improper. It's sudden death in politics." Nevertheless, one Conservative MP is famous for his prohibition

toward prostitutes while on the road and once ordered not out, but one, up to his room while attending a party meeting in Halifax.

The growing tendency for men to bring their families with them to Ottawa has created a whole new set of seasons within political marriages. Politicians put in long hours, and the highly suspicious between husbands and wives—despite the fact they live in the same city—can be tougher on a marriage than separations forced on them by geographic distance. A reporter recalls seeing in former finance minister John Turner's office one day what he calls. Glad, called, wondering when he was go-

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ing to be home. They had a date for the theatre. He said he was sorry but had to cancel because a last-minute change in schedule had him making a speech that night in the Commons. After he had hung up, he turned to the reporter, shook his head, and said: "This is a crazy life." Another minister's car was still nagging from his wife's reaction after she had called him as she usually did. He said he was too busy to come to the phone. As a result of each incident, the family list for Ottawa marriages is quite long. It almost included for Trudeau's marriage, although Pierre and Margaret seem to have discovered their own equilibrium following her visit to the hospital for psychiatric treatment in 1974. Consider former Liberal MP Paul St. Pierre: "Politics is both suited for two to a kind of people: young, unlearned, intelligent men in their twenties, or men near retirement but still active. In between, it's no good."

The wives who find the going toughest in the nation's capital are the grandmothers of politicians, of small-town Canada who are not a smidgen out of their life and the former movement in Ottawa. Janet Foster grew up in Poole, a town of 5,000 and named the area veterinarian, Maurice Foster, a man with whom she had gone to school. Then, in 1968, he came to Ottawa as the area's Liberal MP, and the results that "my letter was passing and my hands were clumsy" (he day she arrived for her first meeting of the Parliamentary Women Association (she is now president) being viewed to a politician as a harsh life, she says. It is having to decide, alone, if your teen-age daughter can go to her first dance and wondering what you will do when the kids are gone. It is watching your children grow older, in effect without a father. It is, in Madeleine Bastien's words, "coming to terms with what you're not going to be." Asked why politicians stay in the game Janet Foster looks thoughtfully out her living room window—on the lawn, a Liberal sign signals the ongoing by-election in Ottawa-Carleton—and replies, "Sometimes, I don't know. I don't want to sound like I'm complaining. It'd be away a lot, no matter what he was doing."

Alma McCartney had written a thoughtful book on spouses in politics called *Power Faces* (*Public Faces*). Obviously it was a caution of some, no exercise as turning out her life after she and Senator Eugene McCartney split up in the wake of the agonizing run for the U.S. Presidency in 1984. "Women, unlike men, are willing to accept friendships with politicians," she observes. "They accept the fact that their lives are determined by relationships, that before they are persons they are somebody's wife, somebody's mother. And that no matter how much they love a friend that friend has to be satisfied if there is a chance to be made between her interests and the concerns of her husband." It is true as Ruth Macdonald put it with

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Macdonald: who almost married to escape

total sincerity that "none of my best friends are Conservatives," and that long friendships extend across party lines. But politics is a blood sport, with winners and losers, and readers are intense, particularly strong, women from the inner party and even more so than between the spouses of government serving for years at the high level of government. "The only one," in Madeline Bedford's words, "is not a conspiracy of silence." It is not uncommon to hear a wife discussing her rival for a poor performance at the last reception on Embassy Row. And yet the collective sense that all 364 men, their spouses and families, are looking in the same direction, to be honest, often leads to a temporary relationship that goes far beyond the conventional mother. One of us with a unique drinking problem has found solace in the sympathetic attentions of a couple in another party. Another member benefits from his particular friendship with a Commons colleague and his wife who includes his mother's child in their family. Janet Frazier married the son of the son of a very old friend, who collaborated with her own teenage boy in a recent school election.

In 1958, Norah Michener, wife of the former Governor General, wrote a 21-page volume entitled *Memorandum For The House Of Commons: The Senate And The House Of Commons*. It was a rare far-sightedness in which the Prime Minister's wife did not say things as diplomatic as those abroad and the wife of the Leader of the Opposition did not serve only a barefoot to make at Stornoway, and the purpose of the book was to protect Ottawa from the mass of people (as visiting the wife of a diplomat). "When you go take with you one card of your own and two of your husband's... let each both upon the Ambassador and upon his wife, whom you call only as he/she." In the introduction, Mrs. Michener tried to put life in an Ottawa wife's perspective. "Life in Ottawa, because it is the capital city of Canada, is somewhat more formal than in other Canadian cities and towns. It is not, however, as it is not at all way lacking in reality, intimacy or interest." Her perhaps the last word on the subject belongs to Maya's Pearson, who once said that "behind every successful man there's a surprised woman."

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# The World

A clear-cut victory for Tweedledee

By Walter Stewart

Columbus George F. Will characterized the Presidential candidates as "two men in a room drinking for Lincoln's chair," television commentator Howard K. Smith dismissed the election as "almost mainly dull," and historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. growled: "What an abysmal, demoralizing, offensive, murky campaign. What a hell of a way to celebrate the Bicentennial!"

Periodically, the rugged U.S. Presidential race may have helped to make election night cackling, and to boom the voter turnout. When it all began, Jimmy Carter held what looked like an insurmountable lead in the public opinion polls, but as the campaign developed into a contest of endurance—a choice, as one wag put it, "between the Water Mary of adultery and the man who tried Poland"—the gap narrowed. For a time, hot pundits and polls kept reporting, Americans were so disenchanted that a record low turnout was threatened. But it didn't work out that way; by the time the polls were saying the race was too close to call, as the Democratic chairman for Maine noted, "the spring blood of America came out." So did the voters, at the end of the balloting, a respectable 54% of those eligible turned out their hands.

They voted, but they were not impressed. In Washington, a middle-aged man pushed into a postcard station asking, "Where can I vote for one of those dumb-asses?" In Bethesda, Maryland, three women emerging from the vote were asked, when they stopped to talking Carter, why they had done so. They looked blank, then one said "Dumbest I know," and the others nodded.

Ford supporters were no more enthusiastic, as Arlington, Virginia, housewife explained, "I married out for Jimmy Carter, but finally voted for Gerald Ford. I figure he could only be in office for four years, while Carter could be in for eight, and between those two the thing was to minimize the damage."

On paper, this election should have been a classic. It pitted an experienced politician, Gerald Rudolph Ford, against an attractive newcomer, James Earl Carter. The Republican platform called for a curb on government and emphasized the need to curb inflation, raise profits and give the President a more responsible Congress to work with than the Democratic-dominated 94th. The Democrats were committed to an reform, a full employment bill and national health insurance. In foreign policy, the differences were less marked, but still real, with the Democrats calling for less de-



Carter with his wife, Lilian, and Ford flanked by son Steve and daughter Susan after the election. The "Water Mary of adultery" is the man who tried Poland.

finite spending and the Republicans for more, the Republicans snarling at a tougher American presence abroad and the Democrats urging more consideration, less arrogance and an absence of Henry Kissinger.

The voters should have had a clear choice between man, parties and policies, but a number of things went wrong on the way to the ballot box.

First, there was the Carter problem. The Georgian, 35 years ahead in the polls after his nomination, apparently hoped to roll to victory, as he had in the primaries on vague promises, halings of love and a surfeit of smiles. But he was a new, refreshing face in the primaries, long before No-

number he was just another used politician. He built into America's consciousness as a man believers to no one, then spent much of the fall yakking around the nation to curry favor with the power brokers, from Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley to Philadelphia's Frank Rizzo (whose support he was proud not to have had during the primaries), from George Wallace of Alabama to George Meany of the AFL-CIO. He and his workers massaged endorsements out of movie stars, sports celebrities and party hacks until his promise of a new brand of politics drew nothing but cynical guff.

He tilted a class campaign and ran a duty one. He linked Gerald Ford to Karl

## Some people win big, and others just lose big

**Winner**—John Heinz III, multimillionaire heir to a Pittsburgh pickle and ketchup fortune, spent close to two million dollars of his own money securing a Pennsylvania Senate seat for the Republicans and exposed a dangerous loophole in the state's campaign finance laws.



**Heinz: winning big happened? Yes!**

called "reform" of the election expenses law. The rules now prohibit donors of more than \$1,000 to a single campaign, but place no curb on personal expenditures by a candidate. Cheerfully noting, "I'm not ashamed of being wealthy," Heinz latched the state with ads, spent \$330,000 a day, and overcame the lead held by Democrat William J. Green III. Green refused to Heinz as "that pickle boy who dyed Little League polo." Most judged his summer home to have paid to try to offset the Heinz bid, and went down to defeat. So, apparently, did the notion that elections are no longer for sale.

**Looser**—Eugene McCarthy, a onetime senator from Minnesota who attacked U.S. policy in Vietnam before that became fashionable, disappointed without a place when he ran for the presidency as an independent. McCarthy's campaign for a constitutional presidency promised a restoration of the balance between the executive and legislative branches of government. But he was ignored by the media, scorched by his onetime colleagues in the Democratic Party who were afraid he would drive voters away from Carter, and crippled by legal rulings. He was ordered off the ballot in key states such as New York, denied any public funding (while Ford and Carter got \$21.8 million each from the public purse) and prevented from accepting any donations over \$1,000. An unlikely, white reformer who writes poetry on the side, McCarthy



**McCarthy: there are no real victories**

lacked a crucial qualification—the nomination of one of the two decline parties.

**Winner**—Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the even-adjustable onetime stock volunter ambassador and Harvard professor who cheerfully admitted in Jan. President Kennedy, John F. Kennedy and Ford, can add a new title to his lengthy resume—Senator.



**Moynihan: those who can eventually do**

tor. He defeated the rich, conservative Independent-Republican incumbent, James Buckley, brother of polemical William F. Buckley Jr. Moynihan's bid was remembered for his dogmatic defense of the United States and Israel during his

short as ambassador to the UN, but he was also the author of Richard Nixon's short-lived proposal for guaranteed unemployment. He will be heard there.

**Looser**—Indiana Senator Vance Harke was defeated handsily by former Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar, which may be good news for Harke. Harke, a bitter opponent of the Anti-Defamation League of the proposed Burke-Harke bill, which would have hit Canadian exports. Lugar, long known as "Richard Nixon's favorite mayor," crashed in as complaints that Harke had gone high-heeled and was neglecting the home town.

**Looser**—Women, black and the poor received rough justice from the voting system. There will be no women senators in the new Congress, and only 18 females in the 435-seat House of Representatives—about 3%. The 17 black incumbent representatives were all returned and make up about 4% of the House. The one black senator, James Stokes of Massachusetts, came up for reelection in 1978. A recent survey showed that 99% of the Congress came from what are described as "upper class" occupations. 1% from the labor movement or working-class occupations, and that didn't change on November 2.

**Looser**—Democratic Senator Joseph Montoya of New Mexico was a member of the Senate Watergate Committee, then found himself in the middle of an investigation on conflict-of-interest charges. He lost a bruising campaign to astronaut Harrison Schmitt, whose greatest asset may have been that he is a non-politician. Montoya's complaint? That Schmitt was no



**Schmitt: it came from outer space**

better than an exorbitant space money apparently inflated voters who saw it as dirty old time politics. Schmitt came fellow astronaut, Joe Glavin in the Senate, boosting that body's proportion of astronauts to 2%.

**Winners**—Most of the men involved in the sex scandals that had Washington all aflutter were reelected. Five representatives named in the various scandals went back into office while only one—Alan Howe of Utah—was defeated. Orrin Hatch of Michigan Democratic was reelected to the Senate, despite fierce campaign revelations that as a representative he had conducted a love affair with a young staff worker. That was before he divorced his wife to marry another staffer.

**Looser**—Martha Kays, a Kansas Democrat, was beaten in her race for reelection to the House of Representatives, apparently because she divorced her husband.



**Kays: once a girl, now she's for the**

and married another Congressman. Andrew Jacobs of Indiana (who was reelected) drew voters apparently left by his law to the vote somewhere, so they drew it this side of sexual equality.

**Winners**—Republican James R. (Big Jim) Thompson signed his high-school yearbook, "Jim Thompson, President of the United States, 1968-1972."

good start, with a handy win in his last try for office, a successful run for the governorship of Illinois. Thompson 40 made his reputation presiding at the coronation of Chicago mayor Richard Daley and improved it by shepherding Daley's handpicked choice for governor, Secretary of State Michael J. Hawley.

Mum, as two men who believed that both served unemployment, and he managed to lay the entire blame for the Great Depression on the shoulders of Herbert Hoover, the man he suggested won Ford's Republican presidency. He succeeded himself with a switch of personal advisers, a growing companion with Richard Nixon's gal-pal, and when their advice went wrong he became craven, unreliable, self-loathing. He tested a crowd of potential donors, but as yet no one was ready to put a bid on them. He was either for a stable cut in defense spending, or perhaps not, he was committed to national health insurance, but as usually, he was going to make jobs his first priority, often balancing the budget costs first. One simple measure to meet defense needs is to really know, at campaign's end, where Carter stood. Just before the election, his church in Plains, Ga., closed its doors rather than admit blacks, and Carter, who had worked civil rights legislation, "the greatest thing that ever happened to the South," contacted his minister to a statement that he personally opposed the notion of an all-white church.

He even was a shill and misrepresentation. Carter blew one of history's string-of-loads and when he finally won he did it on the home boy vote in the South and the churches now in the North. There are more Democrats than Republicans in the United States, and in the end they pushed their noses and marked their ballots.

Then came the Ford problem. After two years of office, Ford had just begun to live down the tales of his dithering and chameleonism, symbolized in the Lyndon Johnson award that he had just received, and many signs of football-wrestling helmets. But then he left the White House and traveled the land with his wife's newly grown hedgehogs, his hair on ice, and he was denounced by his voters as the most spectacular office was his own.

in the second debate with Carter that Eastern Europe was free of Soviet domination, but there were many less spectacular falls. He kept misrepresenting the status of Republican candidates, he said that "Carter wants us to speak softly and carry a big stick, or weaker, or weaker," said in Los Angeles to American judges, telling an audience there that he had been "discriminated by a Valley Forge" where the hanging story of George Washington fought that battle (there was no such battle). He left an impression summarized by a Milwaukee in Kenosha, Ohio, that "there's only two things down there: Jerry Ford, a chicken and a rock."

At Saint Paul's own trial, his running mate, Kansas Senator Robert Dole, was put on the ticket as an ally-fighter, and lived up to his reputation. He led all the way dead of this century at the first of the Democratic vote in the state. That was World War, Korea and Vietnam were still "Democratic war," a claim that exposed the

usage of Japanese pilots coming in Pearl Harbor with 100 bombs poured in their hands. In Japan, Missouri, Dole suggested that Carter was to blame for George's high crime rate, noting jokingly, "As he left office, the crime rate's gone steadily down."

And he wasn't even Ford. Ford had attacked Carter for saying that he would not send troops into Yugoslavia in case of Soviet invasion, only to say that he would. Ford said that he would not send troops in advance. So Dole piled into Carter on the same issue, then a reporter asked whether he would send troops to Yugoslavia. "Well, no," Dole replied, "but I wouldn't tell anybody about it." The day that Dole could have Ford to offer certainty that the Republicans, just in the possibility that Senator Walter Mondale, a moderate, thoughtful candidate, might one day lose to succeed Carter helped the Democrats.

In the end, the Ford campaign turned into a television extravaganza, with the President showing from city to city to make pre-programmed appearances before media crowds, replace with "phone in" events, and a question on opportunity for the press. His instincts—for example, in his soft, confused handling of Agriculture Secretary Earl Butte's recent slash—his blunders, and his apparent sensitivity to urban blight, to unemployment, to the widespread demand for gun control laws—revealed him as a man with little judgment and less knowledge. Even his honesty, the one "good" of his career, came under attack as renewed questions about his role in winning an election that changed the course of history in 1972, and which of which were not actually resolved.

Ford's campaign was summarized neatly in an incident that occurred just as he was about to enter his last 10-day campaign. He left the White House to walk to his helicopter on the South Lawn, to the cheers of an assembled crowd. Three of them held up a sequence of signs to show him on his way, but there was, as usual, a scream-up, and he stepped off to the memory of a crowd that was

Guy Tim

Harry

Jeff

Then, there was the media problem, as the right-wing commentators on the media issues who hated after whom, which candidate's kids smoked pot and which had never had an affair, who stood what about the non-use of abortion, and who looked nervous on television. The newspapers and TV, who were afraid that it must be read in 27 seconds of photographic material for the evening news, destroyed any chance the election might have had to come to grips with substantive issues. In Cleveland, Ford was deliberately 30 minutes late for an appearance on the news, because the station was was showing into the TV camera set up for him. When the men moved, he landed, then he



Chrétien, with Pearson, Jean and Walter Mondale: virtue rewarded? Or balance? or not?

west among the crowd, distributing his informal campaign pitch. "Hi, how are you?" Not to worry you. Good to see you all! When feeling friendly, the President turned this remark by drawing in "Howdy." Then he made his formal campaign pitch, a short, sharp speech setting forth the reasons of his administration—more jobs, more money—and ending with the standard plea, "Give me your mandate." This last was repeated so often that the traveling press began to grow tired at the end of the campaign, "Give him the goddamne mandate, so we can go home."

Chrétien's big moment came when he would ask his non-crowds. "How many of you believe we still have a great country?" and when they cheered, he would say, "Right so."

The media never stopped complaining about the strategy, minus the crowd, the beach—the funny hats, the cocktails, the ethnic dances, the tree plantings—but they never ceased to cheer them. Not was devoted, early and often, and always at full volume. The quality, quantity and character of Chrétien's smiles were analyzed in a few, they were, while a few might sneered a passing nod. General George Brown's crack that the French army was more of a liability than to meet created a tremendous fun, while the program statements of both candidates in President—statements mostly of the last James Maclean or the older Ronald Reagan—were heaped in speculation about who won which debate and by how many points. The simple-mindedness earned a merely bored slogan about an appealing one.

Finally, there was the structural problem of the President's position, with an emphasis on the character and personalities of two men who, the doctrine rightly says, will neither be guided by politicians nor by the press. Richard Nixon, as a compromise as a law-and-order man, as a replacement as a law-and-order and a better

few of ways and price controls. In effect, he imposed controls, opened relations with Communist China and came close to destroying the rule of law. In 1964, Lyndon Johnson promised to keep U.S. forces out of Vietnam, at a time when he was already giving intervention. John F. Kennedy asked for more for civil rights, but he wouldn't fight for them. The American system puts enormous power in the hands of one man, the President, but provides no mechanism to check him if he oversteers, or will not, fulfill his mandate. As a result, Americans are increasingly turned off by their own politics and politicians. When the New York legislature proposed a space for "Name of the show" in a primary ballot a month ago, "Name" was hardly over two named candidates. In effect, "Name" was the President's vote, too, since Carter was to officiate with the support of about 30% of the eligible voters.

The feeling that politics are beyond the control and responsibility of ordinary voters was the single strongest emotion to come out of the campaign, and it was repeated in the election results. "Vote for Nobody. Nobody Knows His President," and "The Lesser of Two Evils is Evil," and "Hank Wake the Election is Over."

Well, at least it's over.

## OTTAWA

### The view from Ottawa...

Amory Carter is as much of an enigma to Canadian officials as he is to many Americans. His views on Canada are highly volatile, although it is interesting to know he has at least been here. "What he has

"Canadian officials regard him as a son of American who is Chief Executive of the USA and as a Canadian's representative nuclear energy. As Carter said the only way to work with 'Mr. Big Time' the Americans is to help the Canadians. He also said he would like to see the Americans in the future because of their 'openness in the field.' Canadian officials say the American's only reason to visit is to see some of his friends by watching the snowing field."

made the news known, observes one cabinet minister in Ottawa, "he's been busy in his thinking and, on the few occasions he has been clear, he has contradicted himself."

Nonetheless, Canadian officials are hopeful of a warmer reception from the Carter White House than from the previous administration. It is not that President Gerald Ford, who comes from the border state of Michigan, was sympathetic to Canada. But Henry Kissinger, his Secretary of State, always seemed preoccupied with more distant issues. Kissinger canceled several scheduled visits to Ottawa before making an appearance last year, and that trip was expected to be his last after an open microphone picked up his incoherent ramblings about former President Richard Nixon.

Carter has said many times he will pay more attention to America's friends and allies than the Ford-Kissinger administration. In addition, two of his advisers, vice president-star Walter Mondale and political scientist Zbigniew Brzezinski, have close links to Canada. Mondale, who may or may not have interest in the Canadian administration, comes from the border state of Minnesota and was considered Canada's best friend in the U.S. Senate. He used to have a close personal relationship with Louis Brand, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's foreign affairs adviser. Brzezinski was raised in Montreal and educated at McGill University before moving south. He is expected to join the White House staff.

What difference Mondale and Brzezinski would make in Canada's relations is problematic. There is a school of thought that the last attention the United States gave to Canada, the better for Canada. But Canadian officials are hopeful the Carter administration will pay more attention to Canada's concerns. Brzezinski works in the politics of the Great Lakes by American cities and the Guesenau Dam project in North Dakota with its effects on Montreal.

One area where there is a liability to be any change is the U.S. embassy in Ottawa, where tough-talking Tom Enders has held sway for the past year. All American ambassadors inherit their resignation when there is a change of administration in Washington, but not Carter's ambassador, who has covered his political bases well and will likely be asked to stay. Canadian officials were glad to see the deficit of some senators who have been vice of the Trudeau government, including Vincent Massey (Liberal), a foe of the Canada-U.S. Auto Pact.

But the chief impact on Canada of a Carter administration is likely to be in the trade relations field. Carter has put heavy emphasis on the need to fight unemployment, a policy that will be applied in Canada's trade relations, especially if he succeeds in bringing the U.S. unemployment rate below the Canadian level. **DAVID MACKAY**

# Jimmy, we hardly know you



The young Carter with his dog, Bo, the Carters as newsworld above and on their children in the White House photo. It was a red-neck the fellow wanted, he gives them red-neck and they worked a liberal, without much of a problem.

Americans scarcely know what to make of their new President. They elected him, but only about a third of those eligible voted for him, and now they wait with mingled hope and apprehension to see what he will do. He could be another Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the open-mouth keeping things simple, he could be another Nixon, the person who will be months, perhaps years, before a verdict is in, but some projections can be made about the Carter presidency from what is known about the man and about the challenges he will face in his first months of office.

Carter is hardworking, intelligent, compassionate, complex, idealistic, ambitious, tough and tough. He radiates compassion, warmth, sincerity, and possesses an easy charm that persuades voters to identify with him. In this, he recalls a Roosevelt as Kennedy did. But, in fact, his most dominant characteristic has been his ambiguity, and in this he may satisfy memories of Nixon.

His incoherence in interviews, reversals, shifts and hesitations are most easily explained in terms of his ambivalence for this job. When he told his father, Rich, that he was running for President, he asked "President of what?" Carter knew of what he has always known, just as he has always known he would get by working

harder, working wider, moving faster than any rival. He cultivated self-confidence like a crop, and it only faded in his case, when he was defeated in his first try for the governorship of Georgia in 1966. This defeat sent him into an emotional collapse that ended with his renewed embrace of religion, he was born again. He was not out of his own mind when he began to scribble for power into many. His words in his autobiography, "I remembered the admonition, 'You shall see a good loser and I'll show you a loser.' I did not intend to lose again." He might have added, "so matter what."

Carter began a five-year drive for the governorship, and the way he won it, in 1970, was not surprising. He portrayed himself as "basically a no-nonsense," running against an incumbent, Jimmy Carter. He created Alabama's George Wallace, made a well-placed presidential campaign to a private school established as a haven from anti-discrimination laws, and collected the best vote. Once he was elected, he renounced the time had come to end discrimination, moved to put more blacks in government and had Martin Luther King Jr.'s picture installed in the Capitol. The switch may be seen as a simple change of heart—perhaps another switch—but it is easier to explain in the ac-

tion of a man with his fingers curled around the neck of the leader.

Indeed, much of his record as governor of Georgia, the record he kept following in the Presidential race in the measure of how he would run the country, should be seen in the light of that ambition. He reorganized the state bureaucracy, establishing 22 new super-agencies, which he led through the network of old departments, and that allowed him to grow faster. "When I was elected governor, we had 300 state agencies. We abolished all but 22 of them, and set up a simple system that cut administrative costs by 30%." In fact, the state payroll went up 30% during his tenure, and funding for the governor's office rose 49%. Carter also claimed that he left the state with a budget surplus of \$116 million, when in fact he inherited a surplus of \$91 million and left one of \$43 million.

As governor, Carter held a day of appeasement for Lieutenant William Calley, the mass murderer of My Lai, and he promoted, shortly after the Kent State University killings, to send National Guards onto Georgia campuses with live ammunition to put down disorders. "We've been a silent majority," he said. Later, he overrode two courts, and emerged as a dove on Vietnam and a foe of heavy-handed government intervention—a strategy that presently

includes shoving kids who carry placards. The flamboyant queen rules the sphere of a man whose biggest principle is that he belongs in the White House. Perhaps Carter, unlike Nixon, the last President to feel that way, will rise up to office.

In any event, he will certainly be an activist President. There will be tremendous moments in Washington on a number of issues. To start with the President's schedule, his gift bag has some 2,300 appointments; offices whose occupants have been packing for weeks in readiness. The first due to the workings of the new administration will come when these plans are distributed. Carter came to power in a time when he attacked Washington, bureaucracy and the Democratic hierarchy. But, as the gods began to skip, he found himself in the party regulars had dismissed his name before, and he made a number of pilgrimages to the power brokers to sound up jobs. They came through, and we will soon see if the man who boasted that he was beholden to no one recognizes his debts. If he is thinking about the 1980 election, he will.

At the same time, there are a number of "good-bye" songs from inside the White as he is installed. The "new South," which looked suspiciously like the old South in its Democratic ilk on election day, put Carter in power and will want something in return. What that may be, Carter has not yet decided, with fellow southerners, he has already established a cottage of advisers—dominated by campaign manager Hamilton Jordan and press secretary Jody Powell—that spends in a daze, and they will have a particular say about Carter's first move.

Probably Carter will balance his priorities. There will be tremendous signs of activity in the nation's capital, departments will merge and split. Bites will change, falling bodies will darken the sky and stars in a few months, we will see the Washington moon like the old Washington, heavily laced with party-liners, whose major difference from the old party-liners will be that most of them have arms.

There will be a subtle change in the White House staff: Carter's ambition, interest and plans all pointed to a White House with its staff expanded, its powers extended and its administration sharpened. The obvious result has already begun to show. The staff of the old President, Jimmy Carter, who died in 1980—based on a remarkable American success story in their last's desire. The shambling, disorganized, but generally good-natured outfit presided over by Gerald Ford was a disaster for the new administration. Carter's crew have bigger goals, and his threats about cutting back on government were aimed at Congress and the bureaucracy. Carter has indicated from the first that he aims to conduct a more presidential day, and that will probably bring him into conflict with the press, the courts and Congress.

Carter feels, like Lyndon Johnson, that divide operations into two groups: those



**Carter (third from left) is the U.S. Navy in 1947: the only way to survive was up**

who are for him and those who are against. For Nixon, they were all against. Ford believed if they were all for him. While he is too smart to base an "election" bet, he made a clear during the campaign that media representatives who cry—such as the TV men who gave him what he thought were embarrassing shots in a New York town hall—will be quick to find his pleasure. But for many reasons that his brother with the media—an occasional board for any state politician—will be his conflict with Congress. As governor of Georgia, Carter was quick with his veto, regularly quick to supply pressure for legal action he favored. He was a patron saint, he found that no one was a legislator, when he served in a Georgia state senate, was frustrating because he couldn't make things happen—and, perhaps a corollary, that change of behavior.

This will be a heavy Democratic Congress, by a margin of two-to-one in the House by 60 after the Senate. And it will be anxious to show its first approval of the new President. We are in for a series of months of the feast of reason and the flow of wit, but it does not follow that Carter will be eye-to-eye with a man who, all said, spent much of his primary case in attacking its men. Congress will be caught between competing truths of its old logic and the frustration of new reformer legislators who want things done. Carter is likely to come into conflict with both groups, to step on the toes of Senatorial progressives and to anger those, particularly in the House of Representatives, who want to push ahead on such matters as national health insurance and a full employment bill faster than the new President seems inclined to do.

Carter has no known major frustration beyond most of the flash he shed on in his famous Playboy interview, and when frustrated he tends to lash out. When John Ford, a fellow Georgian, refused to support him for President, Carter lashed out at

it was because Ford wanted to be vice-president (by tradition, both jobs could not go to the same state). When Marva Ulff refused to drop out of the primaries on Carter's invitation, the Georgia and Ulff was simply gathering publicity for his Senate race at Carter's expense.

The Supreme Court will probably get the benefit of some of this temper. Joe Carter had high praise for the Burger Court, dominated by Nixon appointees because it was cracking down on crime. He may not feel so kindly when it begins to crack down on his shrewd new legislation, which surely is. But then, we are in firm territory, and the President's use of the official bureaucracy is over the next year.

The first problem Carter faces is the state of the American economy, whose unemployment was one of his recurring themes. Unemployment is close to 8% (although it is growing at an annual rate of 0%), and the federal government's set of "key economic indicators" has been down for two months in a row. Stagflation lives again. To deal with it, Carter could opt for the policies of the Democratic party, or, conversely, though a full employment bill has lost money on a national health insurance scheme and pay for all "time-consuming work" and slowing its layoffs. This is a possibility, but it is far more likely that Carter will bring in some major new legislation with interest rates and try to balance the budget before muckering on any new schemes, such as health insurance.

In foreign affairs, there will certainly be a change of style, if not of substance. Carter will not issue the kind of foreign policy to the hands of a quasi-Fordist such as Henry Kissinger. Although he will come slowly to know his experience to the field is movement (as was John Kennedy)—but will put his hands on it at US. Kissinger's foreign policy is a disaster. He is something else: he managed to disappoint Ford's advisers from Angola to Israel without saying what he would have done differently, and indeed, American options are limited, both by the concept of new power blocs and by the consequences with old policies in place.

Finally, Carter must confront the problem he says he is elected to solve—America's loss of confidence in itself. The country is in a state of confusion and self-system at home a major threat to its Presidential role, and now, thanks in part to its own conduct of the campaign, the mood here is at least as bitter as it was when he began two years ago. But the President is a man of power and power has influence. Risked well his office to turn the country around in a few short years, and he made a good job of it at 33 months. If Carter puts his considerable intelligence, energy and charm to work, he could accomplish much. But if he remains dominated by his isolation and runs his first term into the planners for his second, the world may soon wish him back on his own terms. **WALLERSTEIN**

# People

In Winnipeg, 73 years ago, Timothy Eaton had one of a number of his better ideas: he originated and sponsored The Santa Claus Parade. It's now an institution, known to Toronto, televised across the country (and even in the United States), is scheduled for an American Thanksgiving Day. Last year some 30 million people saw it. And while the parade has just "grown and grown" into a \$250,000 commercial enterprise involving 30 floats, 10 bands and some 1,500 participants, the local point is still **Santa Claus**. For the past 12 years, this has been a 234-pounder named **Bill Gomer**, in real life a hard-nosed computer with the Catholic Church's Aid Society. 60 years old, father of six and grandfather of three, he has winningly gone out of his way to keep his identity a secret and also to meet

Queen that the government threatened to arrest and Prince Bernhard threatened to divorce. Three Christmas dinners his given name, Maryka, assured the date the now on, and moved out of the palace to live with his wife. Last year, the group all cheer in the Dutch drama by meeting a Catholic Cuban exile named Jerry Gosh.



**Gomer and Gomer's surprise**

terms. His pregnancy announcement came at a reception for the King and Queen of Sweden, and a promoted journey to ask Queen Silvia, surprised by God XVI Gustaf if the last was a wedding plan. "I had your own business," Silvia replied.

In an American election notable for lack of color and excitement at least one colorful and exciting winner emerged—**S. L. (Shel) Heykman**. The Vancouver-born septagenarian better known for running the midtown San Francisco State in 1966 (he was a *Reggie* Bushmaster) than for his scholarly work as a novelist, and highly recognizable through his ubiquitous knit-tied-in-t-shirts, took Democratic John Tunney's California Senate seat away from him. Heykman, a recent convert to Buddhism, made no concession to the saint and accepted an offer of offending no one when running for office. For instance, when questioned about whether or not par-mammal being should be allowed on greyhound racing in California, he replied, "I don't give a good goddamn about greyhounds, any way or the other." And when asked if, like John Carter, ever turned after women in his last, he said, "I haven't women in my heart every hour on the hour. But being so busy in campaigning I have to settle for that."

If **Gemma Taylor** wanted to get away from it all, she apparently didn't want to stay away from it all. The Star is convinced that

having a replicated night talk and on-air show out of a Vancouver nightclub called The Cave. The show, with the inspired title *Celebrity Express*, is being recorded in Canada with the United States with guests in between, offering us Taylor as being "Canada's Barbara Walters"—a trait that may have been important when she



**Taylor: the devil finds work, etc.**

hosted W7 but it somehow has to be the response to the loss of the title of *Melanie Brown*. **Al Phillips**, ending his mayoral career, hangs out at the tapings and, according to one of the show's wits, he's "almost 100 out of the show's wit." "Are you a jack up out of the act, can you do that?" He really enjoys it.

Why did **Richard Nixon** pick **Gerald Ford** as the first Vice? Why did Ford pardon Nixon? Was it really, deep down, that blood-red, highly diluted blood—whether that water? A Boston generalist has discovered that Ford and Nixon are in fact, much closer than first removed, and that their common ancestor a Reverend Stephen Bushdell, came to America in 1633. Bushdell was married three times and two of his daughters married the brothers led to Nixon (11 generations) and Ford (13 generations). The good revelation, moderately was exaggerated in 1979 on charges of incestuality.



**Gomer even her little need outlook**

that Old Santa doesn't look out in real-time. Complex his a complete physical: thin, including (and especially) an electrocardiogram. And if anything does happen, it's a matter of Santa in full costume, wearing a St. John's Ambulance vehicle or Santa's back behind the last film.

When **Queen Juliana** of the Netherlands, as well as an affair of state as late as her youngest daughter, Princess Christina, was "gone over a month pregnant," it was considered a hasty old-royal woman, in fact most women, traditionally who at least three months to maintain. But then Christina is a young lady, who's been a small life. She was born nearly 20 years ago and a flash her birth brought in by Queen Juliana (an attempt on her life as well as the Republic's life powers over her



# What's good for Ottawa bureaucrats is good for everybody—until the bills start coming in

Business column by Peter Brimelow

When the federal government adopted the principle of indexing civil service pensions so that they increase with inflation, it was a promise for each successive year's inflation, it is a small flame of pure hatred in the hearts of all Canadian businessmen that is eating its way remorselessly toward some ultimate explosion. The problem is not just that corporate executives believe it's "substantially impossible," as Steel Company of Canada chairman Peter Gordon puts it, for them to offer their employees similar benefits. It's not even that that Ottawa would allow them to join the required additional pension contributions from each employer would dramatically reduce corporate income available for taxing.) What really burns them up is managers rather than owners of the companies they run, in that senior civil servants of their own age will do much better financially than they themselves will—and they also can retire early and never have to worry about being fired. To the businessmen, the whole idea of indexed civil service pensions symbolizes who runs Canada now. Ottawa is taking on their grave, and they don't even feel dead yet. It brings home what their personal incomes keep meaning about: being unable to compete with the civil service for recruits. It rankles even when they look at the example of Simon Rousseau, who quit as deputy finance minister when he was 55 and eligible for an indexed \$30,000 a year, and is now flourishing happily as a private consultant.

But it's not only businessmen who are getting annoyed about the pensioned Ottawa is paying now? Members of the aristocracy and some what recently actuarial professions are holding current pensions above it, Australians made through years of particularly grueling years of higher mathematics which qualifies them to assess how much will probably be needed to pay off the obligations of insurance companies, and, by extension pension funds. Pensioners do not feel like ghosts from heaven. They are paid for. The Canadian want to know who is going to do it. They point out that the cost of providing an indexed pension benefits of the inflation rate is 6%, which completely swamps the rather large contribution civil servants make from their pay. Corporations have to sit on money each year under stringent conditions to pay their future pensioners. But the federal government in effect spends the money it receives from its employees, and simply rolls it blindly on the obligations of the next generation of taxpayers to support the provision of civil servants. There is

literally no limit to the fiscal demands that might be made, since the inflation rate could reach any height. New York City's commitment to pay indexed pensions to its retired public employees during the recent inflationary surge was largely responsible for its financial collapse.

These points are made with singular eloquence and conviction by Geoffrey Colver in his book *Pensions And Survival*, which is being published later this year by Financial Post Books. A former New Zealandist, Colver has spent 47 years in a pension work in his native land, in the United States, and now in British Columbia, where he has in-



Colver doesn't say he didn't want you

tured, after a fashion. His book was sponsored by members of the Canadian Pension Conference, and its emphasis is actually the Canada Pension Plan and its Quebec equivalent. He regards both as being without adequate resources to meet their obligations.

The economic implications of government pension plans are so disturbing as their financial peculiarities. Private plans require a pool of funds, which are invested in the economy through the financial markets to earn the returns to meet the plan's obligations. In recent years, this has been the main source of capital for industry, and it's estimated that more than 70% of Canada's capital needs in the future will have to come from private pension plans. The funds generated by the government plans, however, go mainly to financing government's immediate needs and have no financial return. So the total impact of government plans as they are now financed

has been to reduce the capital available to the economy—the product of which is what ultimately pays pensioners. This point makes extensions of government pension plans periodically questionable. It's like sewing all the threads you're sitting on.

Official Ottawa has been watching the current situation with the pensions with care. On October 16, the Treasury Board issued a document on civil service pensions, obviously intending to quiet criticism by means of a number of arguments (which one critic described as "extraordinarily ingenious and cunning") about such issues as the true nature of funding. The land has been filled with the hum of arguments thoughtfully digesting them, and it seems that most of the arguments will be eventually denounced as spurious. (For example, the report insists that indexing can be partly financed through the increase in interest rates often accompanying inflation. But pension funds are generally locked in to their investments, and can only take advantage of higher rates with new money.) The view that civil service is some sort of Machiavellian invasion on the Canadian economy certainly looks plausible, but in another province of Ottawa's chaotic empire, Jedd Buchanan, Minister of Public Works and a member of the Treasury Board, says sternly that the government's position on civil service indexing is not final. "We must provide assurances the scheme is properly funded."

An inquiry is proceeding under David Brown of the consulting actuary Brierley, Brown, Seegal & Company Ltd. of Toronto. The debate on civil service pension indexing is a bitter clash between vested interests, and even the elementary terms are hazy grounds. But the dispute among disinterested professionals is alarming, and Colver's analysis of the financial and economic implications of the government plans must be awarded its measured way by policy makers. It is further evidence of the moral threat that is far more potent to our institutions than high salary. Canada's civil servants have no reason that anyone is worthy about it, at least until their own pension scheme is actually underwritten. The success of the Registered Retirement Savings Plan offers a possible solution to the problems of funding and portability from job to job. However, it is hard to see this method being expanded unless it is somehow associated with the prevailing view that individuals cannot be trusted to look after themselves, but must be forced to save and be virtuous according to fashionable prejudices.

# "I'm a Brazil nut."

Lowell Thomas

Says L. T. "The wonders of Brazil are what the other wonders of the world try to live up to." In Brazil, nature is awesome. Its places our rivers are so wild, they resemble oceans. Our mountains are so grand that geographers are not certain we have yet found our highest point. Birds and butterflies roam in nearly countless varieties. Our waterfalls dwarf Niagara. And the comforting thing is that in the midst of all this wildness are some of the most luxurious hotels in the world. Travelers don't simply like Brazil, they go mad for this place.

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# Science

## Canada and Israel—loving cousins in the Nuclear Family

Earlier this month a group of internationally known nuclear physicists, including a contingent of distinguished Canadian scholars, interrupted a symposium being held in a small town near Tel Aviv to witness a far from uncommon ceremony held in academia's traditional man-of-the-house and gown, Toronto lecture Murray Koffler received a PhD, however, the case from Israel's prestigious Weizmann Institute. Later, he officiated at the ribbon-cutting that opened the Institute's new Canada Centre of Nuclear Physics.

Koffler, 55, a successful businessman (Shopping Drug Mart's First Seasons, Harbly and pharmaceuticals), fully earned his doctorate. As president of the Canadian Society of the Weizmann Institute, he was the prime mover in raising \$15 million—half of the total cost—to buy a single, high-powered piece of lab equipment that, almost overnight, put Israel among the world leaders in nuclear research.

Apart from its size and significance, the donation itself was not out of keeping with Canada-Israeli relations, especially in nuclear physics. Israeli scientists are trained in Canadian labs—including the Atomic Energy of Canada Limited research centre at Chalk River, Ontario, where the equipment is housed as facilities at the Weizmann. The latest Canadian gesture is only the first stage of a three-part program which by 1990 will give the institute use of the best-equipped nuclear laboratory in the world.

Technically, the new, Israeli-designed equipment is described as a 16-MeV electron-positron accelerator—essentially a device that whips minute particles to near-light speed then smashes them at nuclei of atoms in a "target." By recording the results of the central collisions, physicists are able to make detailed guesses about the construction of atoms. This technique itself has been in use for many years, but the Israeli equipment greatly improves the method. Says Dr. Douglas Wilson, the physicist in charge of a similar device at Chalk River: "Trying to understand the structure of the nucleus is like peering through a keyhole into a room, you can't see enough to make sense of what you discover. By making the accelerator more powerful, you enlarge the keyhole." In this sense, Israel now claims the world's largest keyhole, while Britain, the United States and Japan have more powerful accelerators either placed or under construction. The Weizmann device is said to be the most powerful of its type now in use anywhere. According to Canadian scientists (last



Philanthropist Murray Koffler and the Canadian Centre about for peace

year with it, the accelerator is a pure research tool with no immediate military or civilian application. Nevertheless, sooner or later the gains of research is applied—for better or worse. Some of the early experiments performed with the new accelerator are aimed at determining the shape and "softness" of atomic nuclei, crucial questions in understanding the process of nuclear fusion. Indeed, while officials are reluctant to discuss it, and military censorship in Jerusalem vetted everything written on the subject until the country's nuclear program is already well advanced. Last spring a *Los Angeles Times* article that Israel now owns between 10 and 20 nuclear weapons "available for use" and widely circulated news reports claimed that nuclear warheads were processed during the Yom Kippur war in 1973.

The only official statement came from President Ezeriah Katsir, himself a distinguished scientist directly connected with the Weizmann Institute. In what was definitely a veiled and understated, Katsir admitted last summer that Israel's nuclear capacity could be prepared for use "within a few days."

The true building of a nuclear bomb presents no great problem. Israel already hosts two sophisticated nuclear reactors, one at Dimona in the Negev desert built during the early Sixties with French help, and a smaller but more modern unit at the Negev Desert research station south of Tel Aviv. The Dimona reactor is capable of producing plutonium after by-products of the nuclear reaction, the process requires a chemical separation plant, itself a

major industrial undertaking. According to *Globe and Mail* director of new sales relations at the Israeli Atomic Energy Authority, Israel has never built a separation plant. "And I don't think we have any interest in having one." Skripin who insists that former Premier Men-Gurion once described the Dimona reactor as "nothing but a waste factory" may not be convinced.

Last year outgoing U.S. director William Cofe reported to the U.S. Congress that Israel was clandestinely diverting fissionable material, and reports from outside Israeli insist that a separation plant has been operating since 1968. Moreover, Israel has a ready source of low-grade uranium in the Dead Sea area. A locally developed process for obtaining uranium economically from sea phosphate—the process was adapted to the French for their help in building the Dimona reactor—could produce 100 to 150 tons of uranium a year, according to Shimon Yifrah, head of Israel's Nuclear Scientific Society.

Israel is also on the threshold of developing a domestic nuclear energy program. Three U.S. firms have bid on a contract to build two 900-megawatt generators—although some politicians are pinging at the projected cost figures—and local experts estimate the country will need eight nuclear generators by the end of the 1980s. The Canadian-owned research facilities at the Weizmann Institute will probably help speed those developments, and it is hoped the research there will be used beneficially in an area as prone to war as the Middle East: the danger of nuclear waste or research are obvious. WILLIAM BUNYER

# NO WONDER PEOPLE STAY WITH BONDED STOCK

Its good quality and full bodied taste are easy to get along with.  
(Along with ice, cola, ginger, water, Harry, Sue, Bill.)

# Religion

## The Holy Roman rollers

Against a backdrop of screaming guitars and a pulsing timbale, the People of Joy band and ensemble. Only a week before they filled the 200 sessions St. Gerard's Parish Hall in Calgary. Tonight, there's standing room only and a couple of dozen more chairs are pulled into the aisles. By 8:15 p.m. everyone is belting out glory hallelujah. "With sanctified hearts and hands that are raised, come to a song of praise to our God." Arms outstretched, bodies swaying, the crowd enters into ecstasies.

Punctuating their prayers with cries of "praise" and "glory," they cry one after another—to testify to prophecies fulfilled, to pray for healing, to receive a vision. One woman faints. A man speaks in tongues. A father announces, "Christ has a few children in his army," as eight young boys (he named them) join the choir. By 9:30 p.m., the more energetic are stepping dancing in the aisles, while musicians lead the rest in a rousing rendition of "The Holy Ghost will set your fire on fire." It's a high-energy, high-octane out of Elmer Gantry of the Holy Rollers but the People of Joy are mostly Roman Catholic adherents of the Catholic pastoral movement that is growing—and they claim—at the rate of one new Canadian per day.

At the heart of Catholic postmodernism, more frequently called the Charismatic Renewal movement, is the concept of an extra-dimensional personal God. "I'm going to take over the drugs we rely on," one person declared in a moment of fervor as he recounted a dream about using his pills. Sure enough, he was subsequently fired, but "The Lord was beside me," and he was so joyful "I couldn't wait to get home and tell my wife." Another man, who thought a doctor's malpractice in sleep-on, woke one morning to find a malpractice in his garbage. He had others to do so, so "I told the Lord to leave it there awhile." By the time he returned, there were three corpse bodies in the trash. "We're happy," the crowd chanted.

As a group, the Catholic postmodernists are liberal and atheistic, using a high-tech's irresistibly infectious. "And every one of them came out of darkness," says Father Denis Phaneuf of Saskatoon, one of the seven-member consortium set up to guide the movement in Western Canada. According to Charismatic Renewal's voluminous writings, the movement sprung up almost instantaneously at three American universities in the late 1960s then spread to Canada about 1969. Numerous adherents agree, are "born again" because the movement is growing so rapidly. But Quebec, with 1,000 known prayer groups, is the ac-

knowledge Canadian leader and is now gaining, up for a conversion test. May which is expected to attract 30,000 followers. The West claims 10,000 converts.

Like Protestant pentecostals, Charismatic Renewal has been on a liberal interpretation of the Bible, although Catholicism is clear on strict fundamentalism. (A recent Gallup poll reported that 31% of Catholics believe the Bible should be taken literally, "word for word.") They accept liberal interpretations to being baptized in the Holy Spirit, to the laying on of hands by fellow worshippers, to the gift of tongues, and to the powers of prophecy and healing. Its charismatic power groups, miracles will happen. God speaks to people personally in dreams and/or visions, and he leads the way (usually the spiritually ill but occasional physical ailments as well). Speaking or singing in tongues—messages transmitted via an unknown language—is a regular event for the "born again" people, who have welcomed Jesus into their hearts.

Officially, the Roman Catholic Church views the movement as further evidence of the Holy Spirit at work. Pope Paul VI has personally given Charismatic Renewal his blessing. Canadian bishops have likewise issued a generally favorable declaration, although their message warns of excessive emotionalism and the dangers of a fixation on tongues, prophecy or healing.

Private and amateur prayer groups, but Charismatic Renewal is a lay movement that cuts through

age and religious barriers. The People of Joy range from believers in dispensation to agnostics. Some 60% are Roman Catholics; the rest may be of various other religions. Father Phaneuf's own conversion came without his having heard of the Charismatic Renewal movement. During a prayer group, "I heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'My son, you are born again.' And from that day, I wanted to pray day and night."

Just why the Roman Catholic church should now be open for renewal is a question "everyone struggles with," Father Phaneuf says. "There are greater forces of darkness and cultural disintegration now than mankind has ever before experienced." Thus the birth of a movement ill-learned, before it began than any church has ever experienced.

Fred Beattie, Jr., leader of the People of Joy, says his group, Calgary's largest, began three years ago with "a handful of people" and has since attracted hundreds. He says the experience has changed their lives. People learn, he says, that money, clothes and other material things are all "gifts from God" to be shared equally. Caligant with two son born one with three who have come. A group of Saskatchewan adherents sold their houses and now live communally as tenants in Providence, 37 miles northwest of Saskatoon. Says Beattie: "It draws you back to church in a new way. It gives you the priority to really celebrate the word, the Eucharist, the liturgy." —SUZANNE DUBREUIL



Participants in a charismatic renewal service in Toronto. Photo by David MacLellan.

# Drinking. If we don't talk about the problem we'll never start to solve it.

**If you're like most people, you think the drinking problem in this country has nothing to do with you.**

We asked people what they thought about the problem. Here are a few replies. The drinking problem is "that guy across the street who drives home from work loaded out of his mind." It's "these useless teenagers drinking every night." It's "that about alcoholics?" Well, the drinking problem is about all those people and more.

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Talking about the problem is not an answer, but it's a start. Talk to the guy across the street, to your teenagers

about drinking habits. Tell your friends when you think they've had enough to drink. If you speak in support of responsible use, you will encourage others to do the same as you do—if you are responsible.

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## Films

The 93% non-solution

THE SEVEN-PERCENT SOLUTION  
Designed by Herbert Floss

The gay-made bonanza *The Seven-Year-Itch* Salomon echoes the improbable encounter of a Bette Midler-Silverdust *Madame Mimis Seymour Friend*. It might have been more amusing all round if either of them had met Abbott and Costello, or at least Goddard, instead.

Nicholas Meyer, who adapted the screenplay from his own best-selling novel, brings together the fictional detective and the historical psychiatrist to show the overlap between their respective systems of observation, investigation and deduction. He presents us with a Sherlock Holmes in grave decline, his mental powers deteriorated by acute cocaine addiction, aggravated by vicious paranoia about the sickliest professor in Monterey. The disordered hero, Dr. Watson, decides that the only way to fill all of Europe's gaps and save his life is to follow his doctor. Thus the detective is invited to work a case with a Monterey man whose sanity hangs on a single hair which leads him directly into the bizarre. *Witness* comes as a surprise.

The film is maddening, but never seems to be going anywhere in particular. The extraordinarily shaky association of Holmes and Ptolemy doesn't blossom beyond its premise. The fun is in the idea, not the mechanics, which provides us only of the "elementary, my dear Ptolemy" variety. Ptolemy doesn't exercise his full powers as Holmes, his treatment is to put the added merely on cocaine withdrawal, with only a little blue-bubbling—almost as an afterthought—into the subconscious.

These are problems inferred from the thin and overused novel. Meyer well has problems unifying the psychological and narrative threads of the story (He'll face similar difficulties on his next project, as writer-director of the screen version of Robertson Davies' *Fifth Business*). Holmes finds his cure surely—a burrpin the film launches into an altogether different and unrelated adventure about demons in darkness, harmful passions, mysterious cults and true-life darks.

The difficulty is that neither of these plots matters our beliefs too. The first scene ends too soon and the second starts too late. Good actors drift by briefly—Lawrence Olivier as Monty, Vanessa Redgrave as the troubled lady, Joel Grey as a Vietnam veteran—but though it's pleasant to see them, they're barely drowsing while the rest of the troupe is busy.

Alta Arkin, snuggling in some chairs, manages her husband's boyish, Seymour Finkel is enthusiastic but demurred. Robert De-



Rodriguez, Dwyer, Williamson and Artile: some things don't go better with cake

val's Dr. Watson remains clumsy and fishy. And Sherlock Holmes himself is now played by Nigel Williams, an actor whose intensity seems almost a warning disease. Unfortunately he never goes beyond that into the elegant asceticism that is the detective's hallmark. The Seven-Per-Cent Solution dantes both Ford and Holmes their communicative powers, and a Sherlock in anything less than full possession may be something that Holmesophiles will find inconceivable. **B** [www.fox.com](http://www.fox.com)

## Next to nothing

**THE NEXT MAN**  
Directed by Richard Sarafian

Hollywood, as in seeking a search for major contemporary crises and yet marketable solutions, now offers us in the lazily edited *The New Man*—a pack of deals that combines peace in the Middle East, an end to terrorism, a solution to the energy crisis and, no doubt, the secret to buying happiness. The key is a super-strength man whose first cause is not money. But though the film doesn't show us Kassar, it does remind us of his praise for the Arab world's great personalities—an understatement to describe the hero here. He's Kind Al-Ahda-Vishnu, sworn-in by the late, the Minister of State for Saudi Arabia, and played—in the most wretched piece of acting since Mary Martin declared herself to be Peter Pan—by Sean Connery.

personal life plans to the United Nations for World Peace Photo Archive from the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) and just arrived with Israel for mutual peace agreements and economic development. This causes a certain amount of misanthropic concern. But Khalil is willing to wait until the whole world has his mind. He's sophisticated, serene and compassionate. He'll keep out of his fanbase into a protesting mob to shake the hole of a democracon and govern. "Trust me," he can also shoot many things through the eye. It's a few people, mainly, he says, could be Iranian Islamic Food (since the eggplant model).

But he also is a somewhat dimwitted, unworldly, and uneducated middle-aged middle-class man from Hong Kong, the victim of history. World peace is okay, but what the filmmakers—director Richard Linklater, producer Martin Scorsese and a small army of writers—give us in common with one head, they take away in cynicism with the other.

The *New* Man has nothing going for it except the ample likelihood of Sean Connery, whose cheery Arab impressionism involves no attempt to disguise his Edinburgh burr. The simulated United Nations sessions are almost as boring as the real thing, and the genuine bloodshed scenes are marred by the director's sentimental tears, making the movie's depiction of political fabrications more than adequate.

—JACK KATZ

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## Dance

The National: how it grew—and how it didn't



Francis: What one woman has wrought, can one man put asunder?

Twenty-five years in the day that Celia Francis and her band of visionaries first appeared as the National Ballet of Canada, Francis returned to the stage this month in a special performance as Lady Capulet in the National's anniversary celebration of *Romeo and Juliet* in Toronto. Her story is so dramatically formidably as Lady Capulet's. She peaked, prodded and charmed what was an infant art in Canada to maturity, and made her own particular child—the company she founded and shepherded—exactly what she wanted it to be: the Canadian guardian of the ballet classic.

Today, the National Ballet's showing achievement is a complete roster of 39th-century standards: a list of ballets from French 18th-century Royal Ballet, the original model for the National, cannot match but the cost is high. Some dancers are so dissatisfied with the reliance on these classics in the past five years that they have seriously considered leaving the company. Already the more promising actor there, Gary Nottidge, has defected to the Royal Winnipeg, and Vanessa Tennant, the company's coiffured senior ballerina, says flatly, "I'm not staying around if I don't change. We need new repertory."

Paradoxically, that frustration indicates how well Celia Francis succeeded in her

goal. Lamenting the classical has disciplined the corps, created a group of leading dancers some of whom approach brilliance, raised technical standards and increased audiences. But in the process the company has become the prisoner of the classical. Because it is a re-creative rather than a creative company, it hasn't yet reached the top of the heap with Britain's Royal Ballet, the New York City Ballet, the Stuttgart Ballet, and the American Ballet Theatre with its galaxy of superstars.

To mount the classics, the National Ballet has had to grow from 26 dancers in 1951 to 62 today, not huge by world standards but large enough to contain many underused and unhappy dancers in the corps. Maintaining the classical requires a budget of elaborate proportions. This year it is approximately four million dollars, of which 36% is covered by government grants—100 times larger than its first budget and second in size in Canada only to the classical Festival's \$4,712,000. The National has trained audiences to expect the classics, so they gradually attend the mixed programs of short one-act works that are the lifeblood of creativity. And its mixed roster—Tennant's *Swan Lake*, 3,500-seat *O'Neill's Centre*—needs the classics, which are big enough to fill the stage and

popular enough to sell tickets during the festive, month-long seasons in the spring.

Yet, if doing the classics has been its goal, it's in the charter works that the National speaks with a distinctive voice—the effervescent *Kismet*, the youthful *Immortal Awareness* and the light-hearted *Kismet*. Kismet Kismet, the company's internationally saluted hitman, puts it in a nutshell. "We're great in *Kismet* when it comes to dancing and smiling sweetly." With the exception of Tennant, whose superb classicalism would give the company depth are notably absent. "I guess we're waiting for everyone to grow up," says Nadia Poutine, who like most of the leading dancers is only in her middle twenties.

Now that the France era is over, there are signs that the company may be coming to an end with the Beaton and Mervin leadership of Alexander Grant, the new artistic director, formerly the best classical dancer with Britain's Royal Ballet. Already Grant has taken steps to regenerate the repertoire through the addition of works by Jerome Robbins and Frederick Ashton, and on the recent *Les Contes de la Reine* he tried out two Canadian works that strayed from the company's spring choreographic workshop.

Currently Grant and his general manager are looking at the *Les Contes* theatre to see if future fall seasons which would give more dancers more opportunities to perform modern works. At the least his presence is breathing morale. His job is difficult—to take a performing company one more step up the ladder for competitors with the best of the world. "The National," says Vancouver critic Miss Wynne, "seems to find its own identity." Though he says it will take five years for him to put his stamp on the company, Alexander Grant may be just the person to take our ballet's modern work alive.

SUDAN CORBIN

### The iron mistress

She looks a decade younger than her 55 years with not a misplaced stroke in her delicate nose, eye and diamond studs gleaming femininely in her hair. But the curiously structured discipline is yanked by nervousness. Her left hand taps incessantly at the top of her silk blouse, drops to her lap and clenches and unclenches. There days Celia Francis is in sludge around the National Ballet of Canada as its members used to be around her.

She has no office now in the building of the company she founded and when she came in from her Ottawa home to finalize details of her performance in the 25th anniversary show she had nowhere to go because of the company's restructuring. The better part of her 1973 came from the National Ballet's to her like a vineyard perfume. Rank and file were her dancing accessories. Without them she moves untidily and suggestively through the company's halls.

She was never called to be a good housekeeper of Grosse and Solomon Franks



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(It was a shoe salesman gone into ladies' wear) but early years in England were survived rather than lived in the usually crowded streets of London's Jewish East End. At 14 Ceka was hooding it up in a West End cinema. At 23 she was a member of the ladies' World Ballet (now the Royal Ballet) and at 28 she accepted an invitation to come and build a carnival ballet company in a place called Toronto. Her first thought was "how nice."

She would compromise taste in her new company. Dancers who favored heels to avoid the fact to relieve the severe look of hair pulled back into a bun soon learned that indulgence could cost them their job. Jewelry was frowned upon and excess leg wear or baggy sweat pants that might mask feisty movements during rehearsal were stripped down to pumpkins & legs. Like endless drill formations on a railway parade ground, the strict routines helped develop the character dancers need to stand up under fire.

France's extraordinary drive to succeed gave Canada a fine ballet company. That same drive demanded a feisty to herself that was also an medieval tongue-buster in a way of life. Members of the ballet personnel were dedicated: Francoysa van Fontaine, Lilian Jarvis, Hester Soroway, Yvonne Constant, Liana Goldstein and others such as Veronica Tessaro and Karen Kass—who split their loyalties with choreographer Erik Bruhn or such mentors as Rudolf Nureyev—in solidarity. It made little difference to career but the ebullient atmosphere undermined company morale. In the boardroom a huge mistake developed. Harassed by the lack of funds and conflicting public demands, France fought the board of directors over budget and repertoire. She felt forced to select productions that suited the questionable tastes of wealthy-minded society ladies sitting on the board and her own manager didn't hesitate to say so. In 1974 she retired as artistic director, announced a year's sabbatical from coaching, and engineered the appointment of David Huber, a dance mood-setter and successor. The popular assumption was that France would coast as much influence as ever through Huber—whereas the bother of answering board messages.

But France's form was to be a reigning queen, not a grey eminence. The board dismissed Huber in a blinding newspaper campaign that laced up old feuds (such as National Ballet School director Betty Oliphant) against the France forces. When the gun fell silent in the boardroom, Ceka France was among the coaches. She prepared to dance in the 25th anniversary show with little joy. "You dancing, Lady Capulet because otherwise the new regime would say I have our grapes. But they can't hurt me anymore. After all, I don't rely on Lady Capulet to earn a living. My friends say our show'll all. Well maybe by chance, I feel I will have done."

Britten, maybe not. **MARGARET SMILL**



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# Books

## Despite his efforts to influence it, history has yet to prove Dief right

ONE CANADA: THE YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT, 1928-1982, by John Diefenbaker (Macmillan of Canada, \$15.95)

Biographical memoirs on the subject of Diefenbaker as Prime Minister are not helped much by *The Years Of Achievement*, second volume of his memoirs. This is not to say the book is ill-told or easily read, despite an outburst of long quotes from old speeches. The Chief's broadening purpose is to present an image of the solid, coherent, pragmatic and astute man he undertook to unite Canadians at home, and make to both a forthright moral force and cause themselves around abroad.

The result is a balanced exposition and defence of the "One Canada" the Chief has spoken so much about since 1956. It's also a rebuttal to an alleged journalistic conspiracy by the likes of Peter Newman (*Roadside in Power*). The Diefenbaker story, The Chief continues to believe, the conspiracy was a prime cause of his bad name as an incompetent Prime Minister. He's too open-minded to admit that this reputation has much faded now that we've had other incompetent Prime Ministers. But the Chief still feels hurt. "I sometimes may miss their warm-eye views," he writes. "Prime Ministers are presented with the broader view."

It's familiar Diefenbaker: sincere or late-influencing often wins, once more often partly in the spirit, but always with a right, a fighter, occasionally a warrior, and always always tied to the political process, past and present. Some of the sharper bits in the book are at Trudeau—

for example, on parliament's decline, on the *Me Moussais Act*, on the contempt of bilingualism as enforced.

The surprise for the politically minded reader is that more than a third of the book is given to unexcused matters, to trips and speeches abroad, to closet sessions with the press such as De Gaulle, Eisenhower and Adenauer. The annals of his dealings with Kennedy is much more believable now that time and revisions in Washington have put ink into a fairer and less sinister perspective. "He [Kennedy] hated Britain and did not control his attitude," Diefenbaker writes. Again and again the President tried to bully him and his government. Diefenbaker almost surely, even he knows, that Kennedy determined to embarrass his government because he stood up to the President. (For example, on Cuban trade, the Chief went back, and in refusing to join the Organization of American States.)

Politicians will particularly savor Diefenbaker's ramble through the cabinets. The Chief's mean about Alvin Hamilton, George Hines, the late J. M. Macdonnell ("Macdonnell regarded his speeches on financial operations as his main significant") and wildly over-generous to some of his disciples such as Hugh John Fleming and David (now Senator) Walker ("a man who at all times had a national perspective"). His views of parliament are nicely presented, but out of date. One has to wonder why a man who led the Senate as chief of staff should be so in proving it or ending it. As an editor through this period, I shiver

admired the Chief, but in this a fair way, well told? No. While to have it is better than nothing, it isn't even fair to the Chief himself—this because of too much reason to suspect and too many proofs for the apologist. Perhaps because the Chief is so intent on his role as world statesman and on the details of his government's legislative programs, there is too little analysis of the very statistics that bring out his personality—friction and the Liberalism, his own definition in handling the surplus of caucus he had after the 1958 election or in dealing with his Quebec followers. There's nothing much on the crucial study arrangement of the entire business and industrial community.

The reader does not get considered answers—he gets another question. Why, if the programs were so excellent and the leadership sound, did the Prime Minister with the greatest backing ever lose out in his first term? There, records in Canada, as Donald Creighton has best described, a Liberal interpretation of our modern history and politics. Diefenbaker's is an ambivalent response but not a convincing analysis. **DONALD FORTNER**

### He fell among thieves

BY DONALD FORTNER by John Dean (Simon & Schuster, \$10.95)

When we last left the John Deans little Mr Dean was working out with Hoover and his week's royalty. Deans while baby John was doing his low-keyed ping-pong, no floor) at Fort Holbrook. Just a simple American couple making the best of what nature—there and they country—could provide. Mrs. Deans, readers will recall, gave us her view of political corruption in *Mr. & Mrs. Peter Of Watergate* (1975) which explained the moral decay of the Nixon administration as terms of Americanism. Walter Amersbach's exposure to reach her bottom and the very first dreadful outburst in 1970 were: Now, with four months and four days of peace behind her, ex-President's counsel John Wexley Dean III has come out with his own version of what she'd been and what she'd been in Washington was all about. His book *Blind Justice*, though a riveting read and much more to the point than his wife's account, is actually to cause any cynicism to their break fast news. When it comes to intellectual and moral cynicism, husband and wife are ideally matched.

Dean's account has three-year status as legal counsel to President Nixon and details his own role in formulating the Watergate cover. He was no subordinate, conceit

merely to borrow the swaggy look. Though Dean's attempt to expand and control domestic intelligence failed, his suggestion that Nixon should not keep a list "on lots of people who are attempting to kill our friends" took hold easily. He never set foot in the Brookings Institution, but did single the restaurant's ten records from his. Butterflies tell the book. Dean and Amersbach find evidence, putting on ethical rigour rather than to contrast the contents of Howard Dean's wife. President Nixon carefully placing his feet on the desk in order to know historical landmarks only to discover an obvious act: General Service Administration carefully putting them off, H. R. (Bob) Hollister, saying over his T-shirt, a bureaucratic monster of go-firm and money monitoring staff and demanding "action." It was Howard Deans who said with real feeling:

But each power for each party ends. The mighty forces of U.S. Federal Agencies driven up by the White House to conceal a commercial burglary? What Dean's made account confirms is that the final result of the Nixon regime—whatever the moral piff and hype—remains the Mackay House, except of its wickedness. Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean and Nixon were out to be little grey men with the ambivalence of small-time private eyes, promulgating immense plans to bust, Sweden's Muckler or read the psychiatric records of a Daniel Ellsberg. No grand political design, no blueprint for a new America, even of the strong lead. Indeed, no one in the book ever mentions a single political idea.

As for Dean himself, well, he still clings to the soothing thought that it was all somebody else's fault. Though his culpability permeates his book. Dean evidently believes that the movement of political ambivalence is responsible for his removal, not whether that a person's own morality. Writing on the Republican National Convention in Dallas, June last month, Dean puts it more clearly: "I saw this young fellow who works in the White House. I noticed his legs—yes—they all were there. He looked about 30, like a Brooks Brothers look... one day five years ago. I knew exactly what he was doing, and what he was thinking... I wanted to tell him it's all his fault." Like Mr. Deans, he brooded also with his target to a question of warlike, but since one war button-down shirt it wasn't the Brooks Brothers name. Mr. Dean, but the man made who made Watergate possible. **BARBARA AMEL**

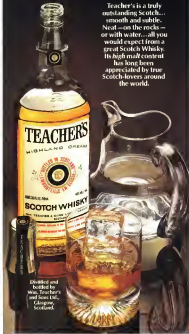
### Major Barbara

AS IT HAPPENED BY Barbara Froom (Macmillan and Stewart, \$15)

Is a some remnant of *Day After Tomorrow*, a man called Can was being 11 people hostage in a New York bank, demanding the release of Patty Hearst and, immediately \$10 million in gold for his trouble. Suddenly the telephone rang. "Hello," said a chirpy voice in the kidnapper's ear. "I'm calling from the Canada

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# A funny thing didn't happen on the way to the White House-or, for that matter, 24 Sussex

Column by Allan Fotheringham

It seems impossible to believe, but this has been something worse than the dullist American election since Alf Landon hung up business. As anyone who took a merely halfhearted dip into the Presidential box is well apprised of, the 1976 campaign for the nation's highest office, which also marked the death of humor as a facet of politics. When Mrs. Walter Mondale was forced to apologize publicly for her harmless line that "the Democrats do it to their constituents, the Republicans do it to the country," we knew that something big and decent had gone out of our lives. Mark the milestone. Order the wreath. Politics has become too serious to joke about.

The apology of course, was simply the first step in a campaign marked chiefly by the number and growing intensity of the public confessions. Jimmy (Is His Name It Known Your Wife) Carter apologized for knowing that Hugh Hefner lost the gemstone East Box, proving at least that there is someone more ignorant than G. Ford himself, but has given over the Ellsclub mission that blacks wanted only eight percentiles, loose shoes and a warm toilet. Poor old Bush had previously been in deep trouble for recycling the line that Pope Paul should stay out of the birth control debate because "he no plays da game, he no make da rules." The fact that a huge proportion of Catholics in North America and Europe agree with that observation—as witness their developing Vatican's structures on birth control—is ignored.

The head of the U.S. joint chief of staff, General George Brown, was forced to grovel by the serious White House for saying the Black armed forces are composed mainly of "generals, admirals and boats"—a flat way for Money Python knows to be true. The poorness of the electoral process is underscored. Lawrence Peter, the genius who invented the Peter principle, once said "The reason the ugliest is the ugliest politician, is so vicious is because the makes are so small." The reason humor is now verboten in U.S. politics is because the outlets are so large.

We should have been prepared for this but, never, naturally, considering the desolate state of the new endangered species—political wit—in recent years. Post-desolate the night out of the golf club locker room, naturally pass birth to the business Nixon, who then began Jerry Ford's integration of the elegant ilk, was obviously not too good for it. As for Stevens, as we know "can order is someone who separates the wheat from the chaff—and then prims the chaff" (to feed his staff as

the polls with his wit. A must once rushed up after a speech and said was the finest speech he had heard in a lifetime and would garner the vote of every thinking American. "That won't do," Stevens replied. "I need a mugger."

There was some faint hope with the rough-hewn ranch humor of the like advice that Ford was "so dumb he couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time" we now know to be true, except he didn't say



"walk" in his original phrase. White House papers closed it up for him. Ford has great, visibly in attempting to elicit a witness and Carter displays that unimpressive quality that prevents the impression telling a joke is a burden that must be quickly discarded. Never has so wide a smile revealed such a small sense of humor.

What the Americans do with the English language, supposedly, is their own business, but the subject of our repudiation is that the creeping paralysis of the funny-bone will assault across the border—if it already hasn't overwhelmed us. One has only to look at the Liberal Press bench to realize that it encompasses all the gall of a herd of undertakers. As a collective, they view anything of wit in public about as the same level of achievement in dropping one's pants. Little is the original wit. It could be granted that the Liberals at present are funny enough to themselves. Could anything be more ludicrous than the Orson? Anything more ludicrous than a

government being staggered by the loss of Jimmy Richardson? Does Larry Zell really script their moves? And then there are the distastefulities of unconscious humor. Does it demonstrate something about Canada that last April 1, backbench Solberg in a Parliamentary session, responding to a question left her desk, rose and asked the legislators to welcome a visitor to the Gallery. "Miss Corina Lippa?"

One does not demand, understand, a Churchill—calling Clean Advice "a shag in sheep's clothing" (quoting "W" I wrote your wife, I'd put a screw in your ear for "Churchill" "If I were your husband I'd drink it.") We are not so foolish as to demand an Earl of Sandwich, circa 1763. "Widow, I don't know whether you'll die on the gallows or of the pox." And Wilkes "That must depend, my lord, upon whether I first embrace your lordship's principles or your lordship's mistresses." All this is some small evidence that we haven't deserted our British parliamentary heritage entirely and have been used to by the American gun-die trend. There hasn't been a decent wit in the Liberal front bench since Jimmy Sinclair and Jack Pickens left. Trudeau has wit, but he has no sense of humor. The link—between Shaw and Wilde, Dickens—have wit which is directed at others. The English have a sense of humor which is directed at themselves. Robert Sattler has a sense of humor. Trudeau has never apologized to Joe Clark, on the other hand, has been formed in youth as much by the Deafmaker conviction that he has lost his diplomatic, neo-conservative look like a verbalist's prettier that has, to be heard to the approval. They do not involve wit in any form and are one reason why young Clark appears so strangely old-fashioned.

The ironic nature of Ottawa as the manure is not embraced by the fact that since the departure of The Globe and Mail's George Burt, there is no true restraint to be found on the daily faces. The press as usual keeps its best lines for private consumption. There is wit in Ottawa but—among politicians and serious-seeming to disparage down a glass in a dark pub? Humor has gone into the closet. It has disappeared underground, replacing pot and porno movies to the emburged press in our life. The only worse conviction that humor could be in a if a cornered Rhodesian leopard. The first Presidential election in which candidates were forced to apologize for being humorless recalls the little English lady who confessed that she never voted "because it only encourages them."

# The Alberta Vodka 'Bear

## BROWN BEAR

Over two or three ice cubes in a glass, add 1-1/2 oz. Alberta Vodka. Splash in 1/2 oz. Amaretto Liqueur or Cointreau. Gently stir.

Now, you can grin and bear that, can't you?



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